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SEPTEMBER 26, 1969

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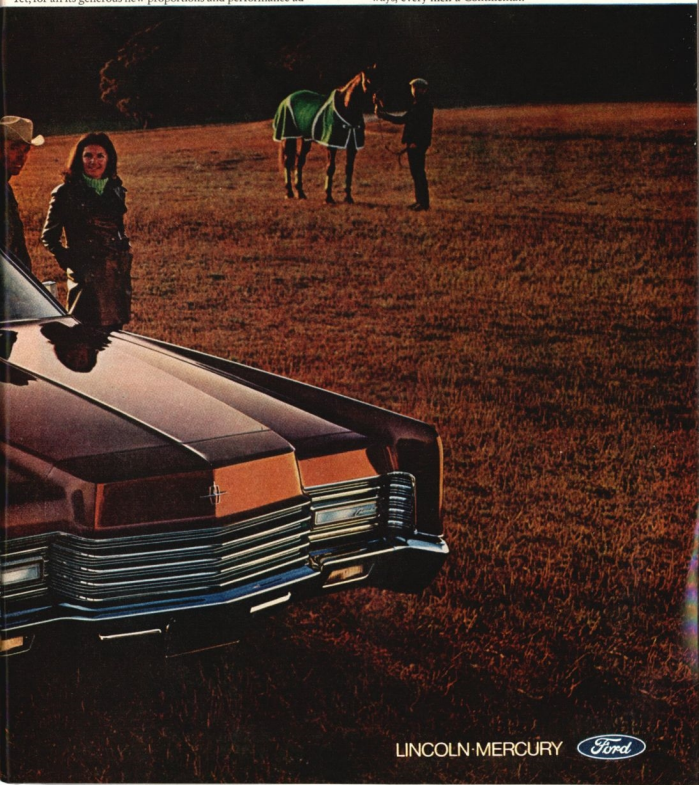
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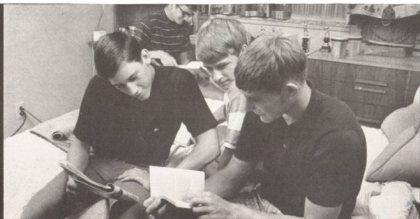
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Others call that unconstitutional censorship. A violation of the freedoms of speech and press. And a suppression of individual rights. And some believe that pornography actually provides a healthy emotional release, a safe outlet

for sexual pressures that might otherwise be expressed in anti-social or even criminal ways.

Either way, your strong convictions can influence your public officials to clamp down on obscenity in all forms or to keep hands-off. So put your opinions about this issue on paper and send them to your public officials at all levels.

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, September 24
MEDICAL CENTER (CBS, 9-10 p.m.).* O. J. Simpson guest-stars as a college football player suffering from a strange illness. Doctors James Daly and Chad Everett try to get him into the hospital. **Première.**

KRAFT MUSIC HALL (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Bobby Gentry, Phil Harris and Browning Bryant are guests of Eddy Arnold.

YOUR DOLLAR'S WORTH (NET, 9-10 p.m.). "Wall Street: Place Your Bets" looks into just what your broker is up to down on the Street.

Thursday, September 25

THE JIM NABORS HOUR (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). Nabors has brought along Frank Sutton from his Gomer Pyle days to be a variety-show regular with Ronnie Schell and Karen Morrow. Andy Griffith and Julie Budd are guests. **Première.**

NET PLAYHOUSE (NET, 8-9:30 p.m.). James Joyce's *Dubliners*, retitled "Dublin One."

THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). *The Guns of Navarone* (1961) stars Gregory Peck, David Niven, Anthony Quinn and Anthony Quayle. Part 1 tonight; Part 2 Friday, 9-11 p.m.

Friday, September 26

GET SMART (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). Agents 86 and 99 (Don Adams and Barbara Feldon), having moved to a new network, find out they are incipient partners.

THE BRADY BUNCH (ABC, 8-8:30 p.m.). Robert Reed, a widower with three sons, marries Florence Henderson, a widow with three daughters, and all eight live happily for the length of the series. **Première.**

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m.). Inherited ill-gotten gains in the hands of an idealistic newspaper editor and publisher (Monte Markham) bring him romance, adventure, and a public relations man (Pat Harrington) for a sidekick. **Première.**

JIMMY DURANTE PRESENTS THE LENNON SISTERS (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Jack Benny, Noel Harrison and Jimmy Dean are along for the premiere.

Saturday, September 27

IT WAS A SHORT SUMMER, CHARLIE BROWN (CBS, 8:30-9 p.m.). Remembrances of the summer camp flood Charlie's mind on the first day back at school in the newest Peanuts special.

Sunday, September 28

AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE DOUBLEHEADER (NBC, 1:30 p.m. to conclusion). Regional games begin the play, and at 4 p.m. the New York Jets meet the San Diego Chargers.

TO ROME WITH LOVE (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). Three daughters, aged 19, nine and six, accompany their widower father, John Forsythe, to a new life in Italy. **Première.**

THE LESLIE UGGAMS SHOW (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). Dick Van Dyke, David Fry, Sly and the Family Stone turn out to welcome the Smothers Brothers' replacement. **Première.**

THE BOLD ONES (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Leslie Nielsen is deputy police chief and Hari Rhodes is D.A. Together they look into a mysterious death and other foul

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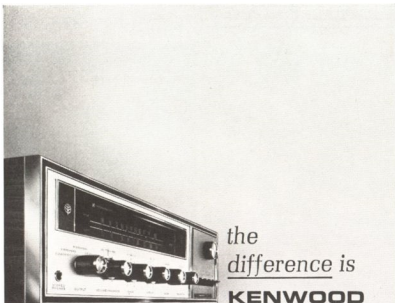
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
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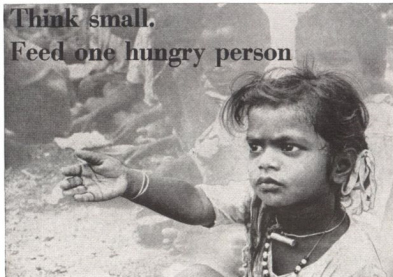
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Monday, September 29

HAROLD ROBBINS' "THE SURVIVORS" (ABC, 9-10 p.m.). Jet-set soap starring Lana Turner, Ralph Bellamy, George Hamilton and Kevin McCarthy. *Première.*

LOVE, AMERICAN STYLE (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). A compendium on the subject, with stories of various lengths and guest stars in each. Flip Wilson in "Love and the Hustler," Robert Cummings and Jane Wyatt in "Love and the Pill," Michael Callan, Penny Fuller and Yvonne Craig in "Love and a Couple of Couples." *Première.*

Tuesday, September 30

NET FESTIVAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). To commemorate the 300th anniversary of the master's death. "In Search of Rembrandt" visits Leyden, where the painter was born, Amsterdam, where he lived, and museums throughout the world.

THEATER

With Broadway and Off Broadway about to plunge into a new and busy season, now might be the time to catch up with last season's more successful shows.

Broadway

FORTY CARATS, Julie Harris manages to look both pretty and plausible as a 40-year-old divorcee who is wooed and finally wed by a young man just about half her age.

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM is Woody Allen's new comedy, in which he plays a woefully unconfident young man trying desperately to be as successful with girls as his idol, Bogey.

Off Broadway

ADAPTATION—NEXT, Elaine May directs two of last season's funniest one-acters. *Adaptation*, which Miss May also wrote, is the game of life staged like a television game. *Next*, by Terrence McNally, has James Coco in a fine performance as a middle-aged man undergoing a series of humiliating pre-induction examinations.

DAMES AT SEA. The cast is still tapping its way to stardom in this affectionate parody of the movie musicals of the '30s.

NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY is a sometimes rambling, but always absorbing study of the contemporary fabric of black-white and black-black relations.

OHI CALCUTTA! The contents of this "nude revue" may be disappointing when one considers the list of contributors—and the authors have not come through with the promised "elegant erotica"—but the bodies are indeed handsome.

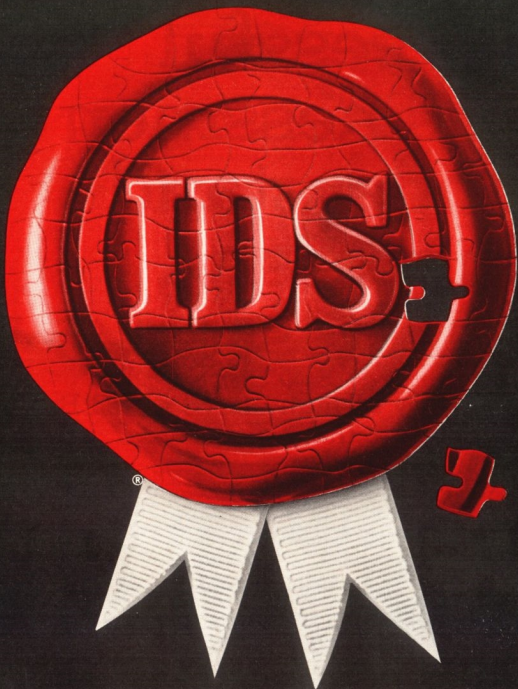
TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK is a moving and often amusing evening of readings and dramatizations from the works of the late Lorraine Hansberry.

CINEMA

THE GYPSY MOTHS. Three sky divers (Burt Lancaster, Gene Hackman and Scott Wilson) barnstorm through Kansas challenging an irrevocable fate in John Frankenheimer's tense and sober investigation of existential courage.

MARRY ME, MARRY ME. Claude Berri (*The Two of Us*) has directed another wistful, undemonstrative film, this one about courtship, love and marriage in a French Jewish family.

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN. In a movie year not noted for levity, Woody Allen's



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first film as a director comes on like gangbusters. Although it tends to lose its comic momentum toward the end, there are more than enough insanely funny moments to sustain the picture.

ALICE'S RESTAURANT. Arthur Penn has deepened and widened the scope of Arlo Guthrie's hilarious talking blues record and transformed it into a melancholy epitaph for a whole way of life. Alternately funny and poignant, *Alice's Restaurant* may be the best film about young people ever made in this country.

MEDIUM COOL is the most impassioned and impressive film released so far this year. Writer-Director-Cinematographer Haskell Wexler's loose narrative about a TV cameraman during last summer's Chicago convention fuses documentary and narrative techniques into a vivid portrait of a nation in conflict.

THE WILD BUNCH. There are equally generous doses of blood and poetry in this raucous western directed by Sam Peckinpah. Telling a violent yarn about a group of free-booting bandits operating around the Tex-Mex border at the turn of the century, Peckinpah uses both an uncommonly fine sense of irony and an eye for visual splendor to establish himself as one of the very best Hollywood directors.

STAIRCASE. There are two good reasons to see this film version of Charles Dyer's play, and they are Richard Burton and Rex Harrison. Portraying a bickering, desperate homosexual couple on the brink of old age, both men turn in their best screen performances in years.

TRUE GRIT. At 62, John Wayne is still riding tall in the saddle. Playing a hard-drinking but softhearted lawman in this cornball western comedy, Wayne proves that his nickname, "The Duke," has never been more apt.

BOOKS

Best Reading

FAT CITY. by Leonard Gardner. A brilliant exception to the general rule that boxing fiction seldom graduates beyond caricature, this first novel convincingly explores the limbo lives of three men in a shoddy California town, who cling to the ring and get nowhere.

THE FRENCH: PORTRAIT OF A PEOPLE, by Sanche de Gramont. Only the cuisine comes off unscathed in this entertaining analysis vinaigrette of the French national character.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND RELATIVES, by Gerald Durrell. Zoology begins at home, or at least that's the way it seems to Naturalist Durrell, who recalls his boyhood infatuation with animals and his family's strained tolerance of some of the things that followed him into the house.

THE COST OF LIVING LIKE THIS, by James Kennaway. An intense and coldly accurate novel about a man's coming to gloomy terms with the cancer that is pinching off his life.

DONA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS, by Jorge Amado. A leisurely, sensuous tale of a virtuous lady and her conjugal rites—as vivid and bawdy as Boccaccio.

SIAM MIAMI, by Morris Renek. The trials of a pretty pop singer who tries to sell herself and save herself at the same time. Astonishingly, she manages both.

THE BIG LITTLE MAN FROM BROOKLYN, by St. Clair McKelway. The incredible life of Stanley Clifford Weyman, who cracked the upper crust by posing at various times

as U.S. Consul General to Algiers, a physician and a French naval officer.

FLASHMAN: FROM THE FLASHMAN PAPERS 1839-1842, edited and arranged by George MacDonald Fraser. But don't believe it for a minute. Though it has fooled several scholars, *Flashman* is actually an agreeable fictional takeoff on assorted British tales of derring-do in the days of the Empire.

SHAW: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY (1856-1898), selected by Stanley Weintraub. Shaw never wrote one. But this paste-and-scissors portrait fashioned from fragments of the great man's work serves its purpose well enough.

COLLECTED ESSAYS, by Graham Greene. In notes and criticism, the prolific novelist provocatively drives home the same obsessive point: "Human nature is not black and white but black and grey."

PAIRING OFF, by Julian Moynahan. The book masquerades as a novel but is more like having a nonstop non sequitur Irish storyteller around—which may, on occasion, be more welcome than well-made fiction.

THE YEAR OF THE WHALE, by Victor B. Scheffer. The most awesome of mammals has been left alone by literary men almost since *Moby Dick*. Now Dr. Scheffer, a scientist working for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, writes of the whale's life cycle with a mixture of fact and feeling that evokes Melville's memory.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Godfather*, Puzo (1 last week)
2. *The Love Machine*, Susann (2)
3. *The Andromeda Strain*, Crichton (3)
4. *Portnoy's Complaint*, Roth (4)
5. *Naked Came the Stranger*, Ashe (7)
6. *The Pretenders*, Davis (5)
7. *Harpoon in Eden*, Van Wyck Mason (8)
8. *The Goodbye Look*, Macdonald (8)
9. *Ada*, Nabokov (6)
10. *A Place in the Country*, Gainham (10)

NONFICTION

1. *The Peter Principle*, Peter and Hull (1)
2. *The Making of the President 1968*, White (3)
3. *The Kingdom and the Power*, Talese (2)
4. *Jennie*, Martin (5)
5. *An Unfinished Woman*, Hellman (4)
6. *Between Parent and Teenager*, Ginott (6)
7. *Captive City*, Demaris (8)
8. *Ernest Hemingway*, Baker
9. *Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program for Men and Women*, Craig (7)
10. *The Money Game*, 'Adam Smith' (10)

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LETTERS

The Passing of Ho

Sir: I am not surprised that our Government was not represented at the funeral of Ho Chi Minh [Sept. 12].

But I am surprised that Senators J. William Fulbright, Albert Gore, William Proxmire and Ralph Yarborough did not attend as private citizens.

JAMES MACPHERSON

Ajijic, Mexico

Sir: What a horrific background and path to tread to attain world infamy. His mother the worst kind of thief, stealing guns so others could kill. A father who defected and was a traitor to the French government for which he worked. Ho, a hard man who literally butchered his way to leadership—an opportunist who rode every horse as long as it suited his purpose.

JOHN R. JOYCE II

Carlsbad, N. Mex.

Sir: Despite Ho Chi Minh's shortcomings—and they were considerable—I think we would have to agree that he was a man dedicated to his people against Western colonialism.

If Ho is remembered for anything, it will have to be for his undying dedication to his people, a quality not found too often in our politicians today, and they prove it after they're elected.

PHILIP J. SCHACCA

West Hempstead, N.Y.

Sir: Growing doubts about Hanoi's intentions puzzle me. Some years ago, Ho Chi Minh said that the North would fight its war of liberation for 15, 20, 30 years—as long as necessary. That is plain enough response to any U.S. "plan" to terminate the war.

PETRUS VAN DER SCHAAF
Christchurch, New Zealand

Sir: You grudgingly admitted that Ho Chi Minh was "the only truly national leader that Viet Nam has produced in modern times," but over the question of partition of Viet Nam, you conveniently forgot the 1954 Geneva agreement on Viet Nam. This agreement stipulated that Viet Nam of Ca Mau Peninsula—was one country, that the question of reunification of Viet Nam was to be decided by an election throughout Viet Nam in 1956.

The partition line along the 17th parallel was set up merely to facilitate the withdrawal of the French colonial forces rather than to create the so-called Republic of Viet Nam "with heavy Amer-

ican assistance." Of course, the admission that Viet Nam is one country would have made it difficult for a time to justify American aggression against the Vietnamese people.

Saskatoon, Sask.

FAZAL H. DAR

Haunted Houses

Sir: The Russian churches pictured in TIME [Sept. 12] are beautiful. Yet that beauty evokes a certain sadness—all those churches, and no God.

Sherman Oaks, Calif.

RICHARD W. THIES

Depends on How You Look at It

Sir: The Governors talk about "surplus" tax money [Sept. 12] as if it had come from the gods. Why not give it back to the individuals and corporations that earned it?

Why is it that when the Government spends money that has been confiscated from the taxpayers, it is called "getting rid of the surplus," but when the taxpayer spends it himself it is called "feeding inflation?"

St. Marys, Pa.

BARBARA CROWLEY

Life in Death

Sir: The manner and place of Bishop Pike's death are symbolic of his life. His motives and goals were the burning light of curiosity, the examination of origins, the checking of premises, the questioning of absolutes. His personal dilemmas closely paralleled those of a troubled society: rigorous thinking v. religious orthodoxy, individual integrity v. institutional hypocrisy, compassion v. indifference.

Yet we should not mourn his passing, for he found the one treasure in life so often denied us all—the knowledge that man's happiness is its own vindication, that joy is no sin, that all charity begins at home.

Falls Church, Va.

ANDREW USCHER

Rodell Reviewed

Sir: Re the letter from Yale Professor Fred Rodell further castigating the nomination of Judge Clement Haynsworth to the Supreme Court [Sept. 12]: the professor obviously is a man who suffers from frustration. In his frenetic effort to compensate for his failure in self-accumulation, he has resorted over the years

to abrasive attacks on members of his discipline, and especially on judges. Whether Judge Haynsworth is or is not sufficiently qualified by character and learning to be a member of our highest court is yet to be determined. But, certainly, he is not a "slob" and not a "mediocrity." In an event, it was a gratuitous *détente* for professor to make the matter of Judge Haynsworth's qualifications the occasion for a wholly uncalled-for assault on such eminent scholars as Professor Freund and Judge Friendly.

Supreme Court of the State of New York
Manhattan

Sir: Thank God for little favors. Haynsworth could have been a "mediocre slob" from Yale.

El Paso

B. REA NESMITH

Program Notes

Sir: Let's cut out this malarkey [Sept. 12] about the errors and deficiencies of the computer and put the blame where it belongs: on incompetent and irresponsible help who program these machines.

Farmington, Mich.

MAURICE CLAMAGE

Sir: When the heat of battle lessens somewhat, the computer will be credited with helping our crowded scientific schedule by performing lightning-fast computations. It must always be kept in mind that although the computer may well take over the world at some future time, one does not yet have to worry about one's daughter ever marrying one.

The computer in our research laboratory has a great sense of humor. The other morning we found the following print-out lying beside the machine. It must have worked half the night on this rebuttal.

COMPUTERS HAVE MAGNETIC PERSONALITIES.
COMPUTER PROGRAMS ARE RERUNS.

A COMPUTER IS WELL ORGANIZED. IT HAS A SYSTEM.

A COMPUTER'S SCOPE IS LIMITED. YOU HAVE TO PUNCH A COMPUTER TO MAKE IT WORK.

COMPUTERS ARE KEYPED UP. GOVERNMENT COMPUTERS ARE TIED UP IN MAGNETIC TAPE.

A COMPUTER CAN'T BEAT THE SYSTEM.

And so, realizing that it can't beat the system, maybe it's ready to join it.

JOYCE REVENSON
JOE DELANEY

Human Resources Center
Albertson, N.Y.

Sir: Somebody should fold, spindle and mutilate Harvey Matusow.

St. Catharines, Ont.

DAVID PFAU

Bone of Contention

Sir: After reading "The Age of Man" [Aug. 29], I happened to pick up G. K. Chesterton's *The Everlasting Man* and read his perceptive comment on another famous reconstruction by paleontologist—*Pithecanthropus*. Every word of it could be applied to *Ramapithecus* and the Yale investigators who have reconstructed him from "no more than partial jawbones and a few teeth."

Said G.K.: "Those bones are far too few and fragmentary and dubious to fill out the whole of the vast void that does

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in reason and in reality lie between man and his bestial ancestors, if they were his ancestors. . . . But the effect on popular science was to produce a complete and even complex figure, finished down to the last details of hair and habits. He was given a name as if he were an ordinary historical character. People talked of Pithecanthropus as of Pitt or Fox or Napoleon. . . . A detailed drawing was reproduced, carefully shaded, to show that the very hairs of his head were all numbered. No uninformed person looking at its carefully lined face and wistful eyes would imagine for a moment that this was the portrait of a thighbone; or of a few teeth and a fragment of a cranium.

"Sometimes the professor with his bone becomes almost as dangerous as a dog with his bone. And the dog at least does not deduce a theory from it, proving that mankind is going to the dogs—or that it came from them."

PAUL G. JACKSON

Mayville, N.Y.

How to Make Friends and . . .

Sir: As deplorable as the kidnapping case of U.S. Ambassador Charles Burke Elbrick [Sept. 12] might seem, it does have a positive side.

With the exception of the moon landing, no recent event has had a more favorable impact on U.S.-South American public relations than the well-publicized actions and reactions of a poised and seasoned diplomat during and after his capture. Ambassador Elbrick's newly acquired title: "Respected amigo."

FRITZ FINGADO

Rio de Janeiro

Wheels Within Wheels

Sir: I view with alarm TIME's account [Sept. 12] of our present wheeling-dealing man in the White House(s). It used to be comforting that Truman was satisfied to be poor; that Eisenhower achieved security through royalties; that Roosevelt and Kennedy possessed inherited wealth; and that even L.B.J. had Lady Bird. But will a President who has already gained so much from inflation, and who stands to gain so much more, feel impelled to fight it for the rest of us? Maybe "Nixon's surprise call for milder tax reform" isn't so surprising after all.

L. RORABACHER

Sylva, N.C.

On Further Analysis

Sir: Political Scientist Barber's long-distance analysis of President Nixon's personality and predictions of his behavior [Sept. 12] began to wobble my confidence in your Behavior section until it was later mentioned that he claims no professional credentials as a behavior expert. That much had to be obvious, of course.

For anyone professing to analyze an individual without even once talking to him, making behavioral predictions on such mystically obtained and inherently distorted types of data, using such unscientific methodology and thereupon proclaiming to the world his "conclusions" deserves but one comment: he has either unwittingly succeeded only in giving some sort of insight into himself, or he is pulling our collective legs.

THEODORE J. STAMOS

Psychiatric Social Worker
South St. Paul, Minn.

Address Letters to TIME, TIME & LIFE Building,
Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

TIME, SEPTEMBER 26, 1969

Go First Class



Exploding for an eagle at Old Troon, Scotland's formidable seaside course.

Go first class—go with Gold Label, internationally acclaimed leader in luxury cigars. Now the magnificent mildness and flavor of choice vintage imported tobaccos are locked in, with freshness assured by our exclusive *Fortress of Flavor* humidifier pouch. No matter where in the world you light, go first class—all the way.

New Gold Label
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unique air-tight humidifier
pouch that seals in flavor,
freshness and aroma.



PALMA CANDELA...2/55¢. "Fortress of Flavor" Pack of 4/\$1.05

Go Gold Label

Custommold at Factory #1, Tampa, Fla....5/60¢ to \$1.00



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Cadillac presents
the Spirit
of the Seventies



The
elegantly spirited
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Each of the eleven brilliant new 1970 Cadillac models is styled to reflect the spirit of the seventies. Their striking new beauty suggests the tempo of people on the move. Richly tailored appointments and refinements welcome you to a new era of Cadillac elegance. Sparkling performance invites you to experience a new dimension of motoring pleasure. See the luxurious new Cadillac at your authorized dealer's, and you'll know that Cadillac has left the sixties far behind!

Cadillac Motor Car Division



The newly spirited 8.2 litre Eldorado

This is the handsome and spirited 1970 Eldorado. Its exclusive new V-8 engine, with a displacement of 8.2 litres (more than 500 cubic inches), performs with rare brilliance yet offers a plentiful reserve to operate the Eldorado's many power assists. And with the precision of its front-wheel drive, Eldorado handles with the grace and agility that will set the pace for personal cars in the years ahead. The new 1970 Eldorado, in every respect, heralds a decade of motoring excitement!

Introducing Zenith CHROMACOLOR

A revolutionary new color television system featuring a new patented color picture tube...that outcolors...outbrightens...outdetails...and outperforms...every giant-screen color TV before Chromacolor!

We would like to show you Chromacolor instead of the simulated TV picture at right. Because it is impossible to accurately reproduce the Chromacolor picture in a magazine, we invite you to visit a Zenith dealer and compare Chromacolor with any other color TV.



After years of pioneering research, Zenith introduces one of the biggest breakthroughs in color TV history: Chromacolor. A total system that brings you a color picture over 100% brighter, with truer colors, sharper detail and greater contrast than any giant-screen color TV before Chromacolor.

The heart of the system is the revolutionary new Chromacolor picture tube, incorporating Zenith's patented black-surround principle. Where previous giant-screen color pictures have been made up of thousands of tiny red, green, and blue dots on a gray background, Zenith found a way to reduce the dots in size, surround them with jet black, and for the first time, fully illuminate every dot.

You'll see the difference immediately—not only greater brilliance, but dramatically new contrast, new definition, and new sharpness of detail.



Magnified drawing of ordinary color picture screen



Magnified drawing of new Zenith Chromacolor picture screen

The new Chromacolor system also features Zenith's exciting Color Commander Control

Now one control simultaneously adjusts contrast, color level and brightness in proper balance to provide the most pleasing picture for any light conditions in the room.

Plus:

New Titan Handcrafted Color Chassis with exclusive solid-state Dura-Module for greater dependability.

New RGB Color Circuitry is more sophisticated for higher color fidelity.

Exclusive Chromatic Brain with the first integrated circuit ever used to produce a color TV picture.

Exclusive Gold Video Guard Tuner with 16-carat gold contacts for longer TV life.

Exclusive Zenith AFC Control electronically fine-tunes the color picture at the flick of a finger.

See new Zenith Handcrafted Color TV with the exclusive Chromacolor system at your Zenith dealer's. Chromacolor—the dramatic difference you can see in color TV!

ZENITH
The quality goes in before the name goes on

THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

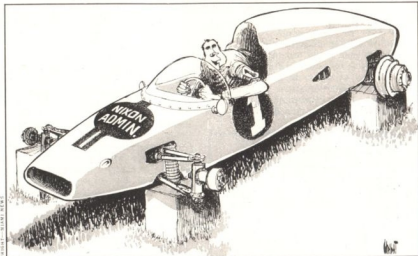
The Bearable Burden

James Buchanan called the presidency "a crown of thorns," and Herbert Hoover pronounced it "a hair shirt." Lyndon Johnson spoke in sepulchral tones of "the awesome burden." There is an article of faith, enshrined in the national mythology, that the leader of the most powerful country on earth must hold the world's most onerous and agonizing job. Knowing how hard the President is working not only reassures Americans, it inspires some in a small way to carry on their own more or less demanding tasks.

Consider, then, this recent observation by Richard Nixon, a man not generally noted for his iconoclasm: "I know the job I have is supposed to be the most difficult job in the world. But it has not yet become for me that great, awesome burden that some have described it." His actions seem to support the words. The presidency has made a regular golfer of Nixon, who, as a private citizen, found golf "a waste of time." He has taken some evenings off this season to root for the Washington Senators, and will doubtless keep a number of his Sunday afternoons free this fall to watch the Washington Redskins. The White House operated half days for a month from California. Last week, after his reception for U.N. delegates, Nixon took Secretary of State William Rogers, Adviser Henry Kissinger and Chief of Protocol and Mrs. Emil Mosbacher Jr. to Manhattan's "21" Club.

Measure of Efficiency. Is Nixon's burden too light? His aides, of course, would say no, and argue rather that it is a measure of the President's efficiency that he has time for other things. It is true that Nixon, unlike his predecessor, is fairly serene about delegating authority and awaiting reports from his subalterns. It is doubtless also true that a President need sign only one piece of paper a day—if it is the right piece of paper.

One extreme version of carrying on the presidency (or any other executive job) is the hectic style of Lyndon Johnson. Its danger is that it can exhaust the nerves and make mistakes inevitable. But the other extreme may be equally dangerous: for a President to insist on an air of effortless efficiency, to wrap himself in an illusion of serenity. It is a species of solipsism ("L'état c'est moi") for a President to imagine that the national realities always conform to his own mood of equanimity.



"ZOOM! ROARI ROARI ZOOM!"

VIET NAM: TRYING TO BUY TIME

HOW to buy a little more patience—or perhaps lots more? How to buy it from the restless young who are streaming back to the campuses? How to buy it from the rest of the country, which so far has been willing to give Richard Nixon time to extricate the U.S. from Viet Nam? With an evident sense that time may soon begin to run out, the President last week made several moves. He announced a second withdrawal of troops from combat and a two-month moratorium on the draft. He applied new pressure on the Congress to make selective service more equitable. And he used the rostrum of

the United Nations General Assembly to ask for help in ending the war.

The flaw in Nixon's moves was one that has so far marked—and may come to plague—his Administration. It is his tendency to take cautious half-steps in the hope of appeasing critics who demand leaps, while avoiding angering those who insist that he stand fast. However laudable each small act, this course in the end satisfies no one and it leaves him open to the charge that he cares more about the illusion of action than about substantive change. Without any cooperation from Hanoi, it is difficult to see what else Nixon can do, short of a precipitate withdrawal from Viet Nam. Among the most frequent suggestions from war critics: give less solid U.S. support to the present Saigon regime, grant more political concessions to the North, perhaps including the acceptance of a co-lateral regime in South Viet Nam. Admittedly, such moves would be risky. But even the present cautious program of withdrawals might be carried out less hesitantly and confusingly.

Nixon's latest troop "replacement" was first forecast as imminent, then held up, then linked with an obviously futile short halt of B-52 bombings in South Viet Nam. When the announcement finally came, it turned out to involve only a modest 35,000 men to be returned to the U.S. by Dec. 15. That was about 10,000 more than the reluctant Joint Chiefs of Staff had con-



"AND IN HERE, SIR, YOU'LL FIND YOUR DESK."

ceded would be acceptable, but far fewer than many war critics think possible. It will bring to 60,000 the number of troops pulled out since the Administration outlined its gradual-withdrawal strategy last June, and will leave about 484,000 U.S. troops in Viet Nam. It will also leave Nixon well behind the self-imposed timetable he stumbled into when he announced that he hoped to beat former Defense Secretary Clark Clifford's call for disengagement of 100,000 men this year. Only half of the new withdrawal consists of combat troops. Most are from relatively inactive fighting areas, and thus their leaving will not really test the replacement capability of South Vietnamese forces—a key criterion in U.S. withdrawal plans (see THE WORLD).

The draft suspension seemed only slightly more convincing, Nixon said

that because of the troop cutback no new quotas would be required of local draft boards in November and December, during which 50,000 men had been scheduled to be called. The 29,000 men already set for October induction will be spaced out instead over the final three months of this year. At the same time, Nixon announced that if Congress does not act promptly on proposals for draft reform that he submitted last May, he will institute most of them by executive decree (see box, opposite page).

Ill as a People. On the same day that Nixon appeared at the U.N., he was lashed by a familiar adversary. After brooding for nearly two months about the effect of his fatal Chappaquiddick Island accident on his credibility in raising a moral issue, Senator Edward Kennedy converted a routine dinner speech in Boston into a chance to resume—with even more sting than before—his attack on the Administration's war policy. "We have made only token troop withdrawals on the battlefield, an exercise in politics and improvisation," he charged. He called Viet Nam "difficult to justify, impossible to win—a war not worthy of our lives and efforts, a conflict that has made us ill as a people." There will be no peace, he predicted, so long as the Administration insists on perpetuating the present government in Saigon or that government refuses to compromise on a postwar coalition. "Why should General Thieu control the destiny of America or dictate the future of young American lives?" Kennedy asked.

Nor did the week's activity seem likely to deflect the impending campus protests. Leaders of a combined peace movement claimed spreading support for their plans to stage a nationwide "Moratorium Day" on campuses Oct. 15 and follow it with a two-day demonstration in November, including a march on Washington of 45,000 people, each bearing the name of a war fatality. The organizers say that 400 colleges will participate in the Moratorium Day, with



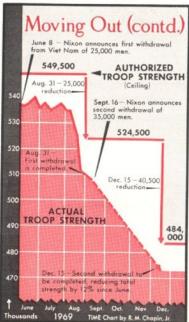
KENNEDY

With even more sting than before.

students boycotting classes to hold mass teach-ins, distribute antiwar leaflets in neighborhoods, turn in their draft cards. One peace leader, Dr. Benjamin Spock, dismissed the troop-withdrawals as "frauds, sops to the American people and attempts to deceive us." It was standard protest rhetoric; but the outspoken Spock touched a deep worry in the Administration when he declared that "the peace movement helped oust Johnson—now a new President must be taught again."

Civilized Values. More important than what such activist leaders claim, however, is how other segments of the public may react. It was discontent with the war, felt not only by young radicals but also by businessmen and many other groups, that turned Lyndon Johnson from another term. U.S. business is more than ever on the side of an early peace, as evidenced in part by Wall Street: new peace probes or rumors generally send stock prices jumping upward. Still, it is the campuses that offer the most vocal opposition and provide the broadest base for organized protest. The entire academic community seems as stirred as ever about the lingering combat. Last week University of Michigan President Robben Fleming personally launched a two-day campus teach-in at Ann Arbor with a sharp antiwar speech. Rutgers President Mason W. Gross, who also heads the American Council on Education, said that his university will demonstrate that it is "a teacher and guardian of civilized values" by suspending normal classes on Moratorium Day to conduct a campus-wide dialogue on the war.

Undoubtedly the majority of Americans still support the President in his search for an honorable way out of the morass in Viet Nam. But they also unmistakably want an early end to the killing. Nixon's dilemma continues to be how to fulfill those two, thus far irreconcilable demands.



A MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR AMERICAN DEAD IN VIET NAM



DEFENSE

The Draft: Moving Toward Equity

PRESIDENT NIXON's demand last week for congressional action on his draft-revision bill was adapted from a scenario inspired by Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird. More than anyone else in the Administration, Laird worries about the possible consequences of the autumnal unrest planned by student anti-Pentagon groups. With the opening of school approaching, Laird recently counseled the President to apply pressure for passage of the draft-revision bill submitted to Congress last May. It may be too late to get action this year, but Laird figures that at least students will know that the Administration wanted to change the present inequitable draft system.

To highlight the Administration's concern further, Nixon announced that he was suspending draft calls for November and December. He said that the 29,000 already scheduled to be called in October would be spread out over the next three months. Nixon explained that the partial withdrawal of U.S. troops from Viet Nam was the reason for the cutback, and that in December, if all goes well, he would review the programmed January call-up for possible cuts. In overall figures, however, Nixon's announcement means only 5,600 fewer draftees in 1969 than last year.

Nixon has never utilized the arm-twisting powers of his office to force Congress into action—not even when his ABM system seemed in danger of defeat. But last week he said that "if Congress fails to act, we will take appropriate executive action" to amend the draft. Trouble is, the most important section of the Nixon bill—that calling for random selection of draftees—is prohibited by the 1967 draft law. It would take congressional action to change this.

The Nixon revision bill would:

- ▶ Draft the youngest first "so that a young man would become less vulnerable rather than more vulnerable to the draft as he grows older."
- ▶ Reduce draft vulnerability from seven years to one. Accordingly, young men would normally become eligible at 19. By the time they reached 20, they could be reasonably sure of being draft-free—unless there were a major emergency.
- ▶ Select names for the draft at random or by lottery. One of the year's 365 days would be picked from a fishbowl. Thus, if April 1 were the date drawn, all men age 19 who were born on that date would be draftable. If there were not enough to fill the quota, another date would be randomly chosen and the process repeated. Among other things, this plan eliminates the burden falling unfairly on those born early in the year. Presently, they are the first to be called.

- ▶ Give a temporary deferment to college students. Once graduated, they would be placed in the pool for one year and treated as if they were 19 years old.
- ▶ Defer graduate students until they have completed the full academic year. Under the present system, they are eligible for induction at the end of the term in which they are drafted.

One frequent criticism of the present Selective Service System is the freedom it allows the nation's 4,000 local draft boards. A federally controlled lottery system would change this, and the President has called for a report on the draft boards to be delivered in December. Perhaps, as Senator Jacob Javits has suggested, the caprices of local-board autonomy could be eliminated by establishing area and regional boards. Data-processing equipment would take the place of subjective judgments by local board members.

Nixon's draft reform bill is not new. In 1967, Lyndon Johnson submitted an identical proposal and similar changes have been called for by Senator Edward Kennedy. The Kennedy version, however, contains a triggering device that would end college deferments in time of war. Mindful of Viet Nam, Kennedy defined "war" to exist when a certain percentage of draftees have lost their lives in combat. The Nixon bill does not attempt to define what constitutes a war.

Both Laird and Nixon believe that General Lewis Hershey, the crotchety septuagenarian who directs Selective Service, should be removed. An adamant opponent of the lottery draft system, Hershey's inveterate hawkishness has made him a symbol to the young of all that is wrong with the draft. For his part, Laird believes that a military man should not head Selective Service. Yet Hershey has some powerful friends on Capitol Hill, so Nixon is likely to wait at least until his bill passes through Congress, if it does, before easing the petulant Hershey into retirement.

The final phase of Nixon's draft plan is aimed at 1972, when he hopes to do away with compulsory service altogether. At that time, the Selective Service Act of 1967 expires, and Nixon hopes to create a military of volunteers. There are strong arguments on either side of the proposal. There are those opposed who warn that it could create an elite corps of killers, dangerously isolated from the rest of American society. Those in favor of the volunteer scheme, by far the majority, claim with considerable reason that it would help cut military waste and rekindle pride in those who serve. Naturally enough, among those most enthusiastic about the idea are America's draft-age youth.

Until Next Time

"We have learned a lot," said Minnesota Democratic Senator Walter Mondale. "We learned how to work together, and they are going to hear more from us in the future." It sounded like post-game, locker-room bitterness. But the stakes were high—the \$20 billion defense-appropriations bill for weapons and research—and last week, Mondale and other Defense Department critics were losers as the bill swept the Senate by an 81-5 vote.

For Mondale and his fellow Pentagon hecklers, the zenith came in August when they fought—and nearly won—the debate against Nixon's ABM system, one item in the total defense budget. The Senate vote was 51-50. Though the Administration carried the day, the warm-

DOUG CARL STEFFEN



SENATOR JOHN STENNIS
The message was clear.

ing was sounded. The military, henceforth, would not be able to breeze through its requests for appropriations question-free. The lengthy debate that came to an end in the vote last week bore this out. "Just remember," said Oregon Republican Mark Hatfield, "this is a bill that used to slip through the Senate in hours, with no real opposition. This year it took two months."

As usual, the Senator who led the Defense Department's bill to its passage was Mississippi Democrat John Stennis. Stennis' sympathy for the military has never been questioned, but last week it was suggested that he had exacted a price for supporting the Nixon Administration's bill. The word came from Charles Overby, a Washington correspondent for the Jackson, Miss., *Daily News*, who until last month was an assistant to Stennis. Overby reported that the Senator had sent a letter to the Administration during the August congressional recess. Stennis reportedly wrote that with the upcoming fall desegregation of schools, he thought he should be in Mississippi for a while.

The message to Nixon was clear. If Stennis stayed home, leadership for the military-appropriations bill would fall

to Missouri Democrat Stuart Symington—an outspoken military critic. According to Overby, the Administration then ordered a delay of Mississippi school integration—and Stennis returned to shepherd the appropriations bill through. At week's end, neither Stennis nor the Administration had denied the report.

Voted Down. Critics of the bill made three significant attempts to cut back appropriations. There was a stab at denying the Pentagon \$533 million to buy more C-5A air transports, a plane that so far has proved uneconomical. Questioning the need for 15 attack aircraft carriers, the critics tried to clip \$377.1 million appropriated for construction of a second nuclear carrier. Finally, they tried to cut \$80 million from funds allocated for construction of an advanced strategic aircraft. All the efforts were voted down.

Most of the Pentagon critics agreed that their defeat was caused by their own lack of organization and by Defense Secretary Melvin Laird's self-imposed cutback of \$4.1 billion. Further, Laird promised more appropriations reductions over the next three years by cutting military personnel from 3.5 to 2.6 million men. Currently the military's payroll is \$41 billion annually.

For their part, the critics managed to cut a meager \$70.6 million from the bill. Most of this was accomplished before the August recess. When the Senate reconvened, says Mondale, "we began to come across as a bunch of romantics unconcerned about defense. We aren't anti-defense, we're just anti-waste, but that point began to get lost as this whole thing dragged on so long." Next time, Mondale warns that "we'll zero in and attack fewer items."

SPACE

The Price of Mars

Moments before Apollo 11's booster lifted off from Cape Kennedy last July, Spiro Agnew declared that the nation's next major space goal should be a manned landing on Mars by the end of the century. Critics immediately retorted that the Vice President's extraterrestrial ambitions were outrunning the nation's means. Last week the President's task group on post-Apollo space objectives—which Agnew happens to head—made its chairman sound uncharacteristically cautious. It said that the U.S. could send men to Mars in the mid-1980s for not much more than the \$24 billion Apollo program.

In a report to President Nixon on future U.S. space policy, the four-member Agnew panel* fully endorsed the Mars goal but offered three timebates with varying price tags. The options:

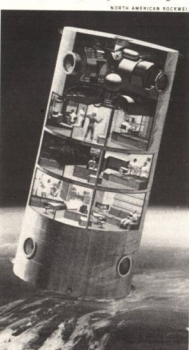
► If Congress is willing to spend from

\$8 billion to \$10 billion a year on space by the end of the 1970s, the U.S. can reach the red planet as early as 1983.

► If Congress holds NASA's budget under the \$6 billion-a-year peak reached in 1966 for the Apollo project, the Mars landing will not take place until after 1990.

► If Congress compromises on a maximum NASA budget of \$7.65 billion by 1980, the Martian touchdown can be achieved in 1986.

Agnew openly backed the middle course, which Nixon himself is likely to accept. Its principal advantage is



ARTIST'S VERSION OF SPACE STATION
Preparing for the grand tour.

that it does not require a dramatic increase in the space budget at a time when the nation is under pressure to meet serious social needs. Moreover, it will allow the President to defer a firm commitment to go to Mars until 1976, or the last year of what might be a second Nixon term, without hurting chances of making the 1986 target date.

Whenever the landing, the Mars expedition will be vastly different from the voyages to the moon. Unlike Apollo's nonreturn booster and lunar module, the vehicles that take men to Mars will be used on many voyages. "When a vehicle returns from Mars to earth orbit," said NASA Administrator Thomas O. Paine, "it will be left in earth orbit. After refueling, resupply, and providing a new crew, the vehicle would be ready to go again—back to Mars, to Venus, or on a shuttle run to the moon."

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE

A Step Toward Reform

George Wallace deserves a vote of thanks. His third-party candidacy came so close to denying Richard Nixon an Electoral College majority and throwing the 1968 election into the House of Representatives that the House last week took the first step toward reforming the archaic system that makes such a deadlock possible. It voted to abolish the Electoral College.

To accomplish this, the House gave its 339-to-70 approval to a constitutional amendment substituting direct popular election for the present system of choosing presidential electors. Under the House-approved plan, citizens would vote directly for the President and Vice President as they do for all other elected officials. If no candidate received at least 40% of the vote, the top two aspirants would meet in a run-off election. The plan would eliminate the most glaring inequity of the existing method, under which a candidate could carry the most populous state in the union by only one ballot yet thereby claim all its electoral votes.

The resolution still has a long road to travel before it becomes the 26th Amendment to the Constitution. Determined resistance awaits it in the Senate, where a two-thirds vote is necessary for passage, and many Senators oppose any measure that will reduce their states' leverage in presidential elections. Even if approved by the Senate, the amendment must be ratified by 38 states, some of which are understandably reluctant to give up political power that is often far out of proportion to their population. The amendment does have the support of President Nixon, who has said he will sign it if it reaches his desk—although he doubts that it will get that far. His doubts have failed to discourage proponents of electoral reform. Ten months ago, skeptics predicted that no reform bill would even reach the House floor.

THE SENATE

Showdown for Ev's Chair

Senate Democrats have long been accustomed to the gentlemanly brawling between their factions of Southern conservatives and urban liberals. It is less often that Senate Republicans, so long a minority, have displayed their divisions. Yet the Senate G.O.P. now includes a band of moderates and liberals increasingly disposed to cross party lines to vote with their ideological counterparts on such issues as ABM and civil rights. Last week, as the 43 Republican Senators prepared to select Everett Dirksen's successor as minority leader, the factional lines of stress became clear.

The favorite of the liberals was Pennsylvania's Hugh Scott, 68, an "Eastern Establishment" Republican who has

* Consisting of Agnew, NASA Administrator Thomas O. Paine, Air Force Secretary Robert Seamans and Presidential Science Adviser Lee DuBridge.

FRANCIS MILLER—LIFE

UPI



BAKER



SCOTT



SMITH

Seeking to avoid an ideological confrontation.

served for the past eight months as minority whip under Dirksen. As the week began, the more conservative members were split between Nebraska's Roman Hruska, 65, and Tennessee's Howard Baker Jr., 43, Dirksen's son-in-law.

Actually, the Republicans preferred, if possible, to avoid an ideological showdown in this week's voting. For one thing, the minority leader under a Republican President acts more as an executive officer taking orders from the White House than as a commander in his own right. Even so, the liberal-moderates and the conservatives, divided more or less evenly, were guarding their interests.

Southern Cog. At week's end, Scott had at least 16 of the 22 votes he needed for victory. With a strong record in favor of civil rights, the Pennsylvanian attracted virtually all of the liberal faction—New York's Jacob Javits and Charles Goodell, Kentucky's John Sherman Cooper, Oregon's Mark Hatfield, Illinois' Charles Percy, Massachusetts' Edward Brooke, and others. Yet Scott's record has not been so liberal as to make him completely unacceptable to conservatives. He passed the Administration's loyalty test, for example, by voting for the ABM. He attracted some support because his victory would leave open the minority whip's job, which a number of Senators in all factions covet.

One of Scott's handicaps was his age. Some Republicans thought that Baker, who is 25 years younger than Scott, would project a more youthful and agreeable image of the Senate G.O.P. But electing the Tennessean, who only came to the Senate in 1967, would violate senatorial traditions of seniority. Some moderates were also fearful that elevating Baker, who has consistently voted with the Administration, would seem to add a cog to the Nixon-Thurmond "Southern strategy."

Baker could count at least twelve firm votes last week, and had a chance of capsizing Scott by picking up half a dozen undecided votes as well as support from Hruska's conservatives. Then Hruska, the third declared candidate, decided to drop out of the race and throw

his support behind Baker. That left Baker and Scott in something close to a dead heat.

Should Scott and Baker deadlock, some Senators favored compromising on Delaware's John Williams, a 22-year veteran of the Senate. But Williams, who plans to retire at the end of 1970, refused last week even to consider the idea.

One of the uncommitted upon whom the election may hang was hurriedly schooling himself in Republican senatorial politics and protocol. He is Ralph Smith, 53, a self-styled flexible conservative who was speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives until last week, when Governor Richard Ogilvie appointed him to fill the late Everett Dirksen's Senate post until next year's election.

A Question of Ethics

The Senate has long exercised its right of advice and consent to question nominees for the U.S. Supreme Court on their qualifications and their opinions. Last week the members of the Senate Judiciary Committee broke some new ground as they opened their hearings on President Nixon's nomination of Judge Clement F. Haynsworth Jr. They raised a question of ethics.

As a Southerner and a strict constructionist, the South Carolina jurist expected opposition in his fight for Senate confirmation. Liberals and civil rights activists are upset by his go-slow attitude on integration, and union leaders by what they consider his anti-labor stand. Roy Wilkins, in a statement for the Leadership Council on Civil Rights, asserted that Haynsworth's confirmation would "throw another log on the fires of racial tension." A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany testified that he was "not fit to be an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court."

Conflict of Interest. The most damaging allegations, however, concerned the Appellate Court judge's failure to remove himself from cases in which he may have had a financial interest. Led by Indiana's Birch Bayh, liberal committee members charged Haynsworth

with conflict of interest for not disqualifying himself from a 1963 trial involving the Textile Workers Union and a firm that did business with a vending-machine company in which he had a one-seventh interest.

Haynsworth was ready to defend himself against all charges. He said that he agreed with Supreme Court rulings outlawing separate but equal education and upholding the right of indigent defendants to counsel. But he declined to go into detail on these issues on the grounds that his comments could hinder him if he should actually sit on such cases. He did, however, rebut the conflict-of-interest charge vehemently. Stuttering slightly, he not only denied any impropriety, but also held that since his company was not directly involved, he in fact had an obligation not to disqualify himself from the textile-company case.

Moral Sensitivity. Haynsworth's backers supported his contention, and even introduced a 1964 letter from then-Attorney General Robert Kennedy clearing him of any conflict of interest. Edward Kennedy's statement to the committee that the letter was based on incomplete information tended to lessen its impact. But Senate conservatives stuck to their position, and received support from at least two members of the influential American Bar Association. Lawrence Walsh, a former federal judge and deputy attorney general, and chairman of the A.B.A. Committee on the Federal Judiciary, told the Senate that he saw no conflict in Haynsworth's action. John Frank, a liberal Democrat who serves on the Advisory Committee on Civil Procedure of the Judiciary Conference, stated flatly that "there was no legal ground for disqualification."

Haynsworth may not find bipartisan support quite as forthcoming as he tries to reply to a second allegation. The Judiciary Committee has learned that the



JUDGE HAYNSWORTH
Defending new ground.

judge, who sat on a 1967 case involving the Brunswick Corp., bought stock now valued at \$18,000 between the time of the argument and the release of the decision in favor of the company. His friends see nothing wrong with his purchase and point out that he was only one of 48 who bought Brunswick shares from the same broker at the time. They also note that no substantial price fluctuations occurred between the decision and its disclosure, and that the \$130,000 involved in the case was hardly significant to Brunswick, which at that time had annual revenues of nearly \$400 million.

Although the disclosure raises new questions about Haynsworth's moral sensitivity, it has not shaken his supporters' confidence in his ultimate confirmation. But those less committed to his appointment are beginning to waver. Whether or not Haynsworth is actually in conflict of interest, his actions have at least raised the appearance of conflict. As the Canons of Judicial Ethics point out, a judge should avoid even actions that arouse suspicion.

OPINION

Rightward Ho!

It was during Barry Goldwater's heyday in 1964 that Pollster Mervin Field asked California voters to see themselves as the politicians saw them. The result was a fairly even division. Of those polled, 32% regarded themselves as conservatives, 30% as middle-of-the-roads and 28% as liberals. When Field recently asked Californians to take another look at themselves, the results reflected a swing to the right. Of the 1,006 questioned in the poll released last week, 42% now see themselves as conservatives and 27% as moderates, while only 24% still feel comfortable with the liberal label.



JUDGE HOFFMAN

TRIALS

Back to Chicago

It may be extravagant of Radical Organizer Rennie Davis to describe it as "the political trial of the century." But the trial of the Chicago "conspiracy" may well rank as one of the more significant legal confrontations of the decade between authority and dissent. The proceeding, due to open this week against eight radicals accused of conspiring to incite riots at last year's Democratic Convention, represents an extraordinary convergence of all of the political currents that have convulsed the U.S. during the '60s.

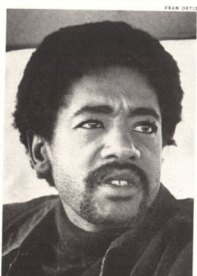
The Justice Department displayed an unwonted sense of history—even of the atypicality—in selecting the defendants. They represent the total spectrum of dissent and ordinarily, observes Author Michael Harrington, "they would find it difficult to agree on the time of day." As in the conspiracy trial of Dr. Benjamin Spock and four other antiwar activists, some of the Chicago "conspirators" had not met one another before they were indicted.

Among them is David Dellinger, 54, a "revolutionary pacifist" who mourns the passing of nonviolent resistance and chides the younger radicals, most of them oriented to the Students for a Democratic Society, for their hysterical rhetoric. Tom Hayden is a gifted, mercurial writer and organizer who was a founder of S.D.S. Also indicted were Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, leaders of the prankishly absurd Yippies, and Davis, the son of a White House economic adviser during the Truman Administration and an organizer for the National Mobilization Committee. Black Panther Bobby Seale came to the Chicago convention almost by chance. He was filling in as a speaker for Eldridge Cleaver, whose parole board refused to let him

leave California. The other defendants are John Froines, an assistant professor of chemistry at the University of Oregon, and Lee Weiner, a Northwestern University graduate student.

Already beatified among protesters as "the Chicago Eight," the defendants are the first to be indicted under the anti-riot provision of the 1968 civil rights act. The provision was tacked onto the bill by a conservative Senate coalition led by South Carolina's Strom Thurmond. It may, in fact, be unconstitutional. A host of local, state and federal laws already cover acts of incitement to riot. What the anti-riot provision defines as criminal is the "intent" to incite to riot. Thus the law prescribes a fine of \$10,000 or five years in prison—or both—for anyone who "travels in interstate commerce or uses any facility of interstate or foreign commerce, including but not limited to the mail, telegraph, telephone, radio or television, with intent to incite riot." The concept of judging a defendant's intent is not particularly unusual; there are such offenses as assault with intent to kill. In dealing with a person's frame of mind regarding civil disorders, however, large and ambiguous questions arise involving the difference between the legitimate exercise of dissent and an unlawful intent to create mayhem.

Karate Lessons. The indictments against the eight charge that they crossed state lines, wrote articles, spoke and otherwise encouraged others to come and disrupt Chicago. The defendants are accused of encouraging demonstrators "to make weapons to be used against the police and to shout obscenities at, throw objects at, threaten and physically assault policemen and National Guard troops." The prosecution, led by U.S. Attorney Thomas Foran, will emphasize that demonstrators were given lessons in karate, Japanese snake dancing and defense



BLACK PANTHER SEALE



YIPPIE HOFFMAN

Extraordinary convergence of political currents.

against police attacks. "Some of these men are highly intelligent, highly sophisticated agitators," says Foran.

The defendants base part of their case on the Walker report, which called the Chicago violence during the Democratic Convention "a police riot." On that basis, it might be said that the Chicago eight are being tried for conspiring to incite the police to riot. The defense will argue that Lyndon Johnson, Chicago Mayor Richard Daley and other party leaders were, in fact, conspiring to deny them their constitutional rights of peaceable assembly and dissent. In the unlikely event that Federal District Court Judge Julius Hoffman, 74, grants a pretrial hearing to consider these arguments, the defense will subpoena Johnson, Daley and other Democratic leaders.

Eight for Eight. Indictments against the eight defendants were drawn up in the last months of the Johnson Administration by Foran, who also pursued cases against eight Chicago policemen for their conduct during the convention violence.* Attorney General Ramsey Clark refused to press the indictments against the radicals, however. Among other things, he believed that in general the demonstrators were exercising their constitutional right of free speech and that, in any case, no federal laws were involved in such offenses as attacking policemen. But Attorney General John Mitchell is pressing the case because he wants to use the anti-riot law to trap what he regards as a small number of hard-core troublemakers who are distinguishable from "conventional" demonstrators. The Administration obviously believes that the "hard core" must be isolated and punished, and that failure to prosecute the Chicago eight would suggest condonation of their behavior and encourage its repetition. Mitchell's critics argue that the very process of prosecuting the "hard core" further radicalizes the "conventional."

Already there have been rumblings of a second "Chicago" to attend the trial. The defendants say that they are planning "peaceful demonstrations designed to bring across the issues," which seems reasonable enough. But some S.D.s. members would be delighted to provoke the police into a repetition of last year's violence, a tactic hardly likely to advance their cause or that of the defendants. The S.D.s., which has rejected the nonviolent protest espoused by other groups involved in the "fall peace offensive," is planning an action called "Days of Rage" in Chicago from Oct. 8 to 11. The conspiracy trial may well indicate how much the U.S. is willing to reshape traditional notions of liberty in order to achieve order. Ironically, the result of the trial may well be to provoke more disorder and, in effect, enlarge "the conspiracy."

* Three of the policemen were acquitted in June of charges of beating a Chicago newsman. The other cases are still pending.

RACES

War in Little Egypt

Violence is no stranger to Cairo (rhymes with Pharaoh), Ill., a decaying former riverboat port at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. Below the Mason-Dixon Line and closer to Little Rock than Chicago in attitude as well as mileage, the capital of the state's "Little Egypt" section is a thoroughly Southern town. Its 4,000 white citizens are determined to maintain the local system of *apartheid* over the town's 4,000 blacks that has persisted since before the Civil War.

White Cairoites responded with cross burnings and shotgun blasts when blacks attempted to integrate local schools in 1952, clubbings when they sought admittance to a community roller rink ten years later, and fire-bombings when they demanded appointment of a black police official in 1967. Last week violence erupted again in Cairo as blacks continued to seek a fuller share in the life of their tiny community.

Short-Lived Peace. Cairo's latest troubles began earlier this year when the Rev. Gerald Montroy, a white Catholic priest, arrived in town from East St. Louis and took up his duties in the heart of a black neighborhood. He drew together the local N.A.A.C.P., a cooperative association and a couple of street gangs, and with the Rev. Charles Koen, a local black minister, formed the United Front.

The new coalition charged intimidation of the black community by the "White Hats," a 600-member vigilante outfit formed and deputized during the 1967 disturbances. It also presented city officials with a list of seven demands, including appointment of a black police chief and assistant fire chief and a near equal black-white ratio in all city jobs. The demands and a boycott used to dramatize them touched off a rash of snipings, which ended only after Illinois Governor Richard Ogilvie sent in National Guardsmen to keep the peace.

The peace was short-lived. A new wave of fire-bombings swept the town early this summer, forcing the resignation of Police Chief Carl Clutts. The new chief, William Petersen, made some progress toward cooling the conflict when he took away the deputy status that had been granted the White Hats. The group disbanded, but resurfaced almost immediately in a new organization, the United Citizens for Community Action, whose leader, Lumberman Robert Cunningham, is considered excessively racist even by local white supremacists.

Headed for Anarchy. Already high, tensions exploded when the City Council forbade assemblies of more than two persons anywhere in town. United Front lawyers went before a federal district court seeking an injunction to strike down the ordinance, and scores of blacks gathered at Montroy's church for a march on police headquarters. When club-wielding state and local police drove

them back into the all-Negro Pyramid Courts housing project, weapons appeared in black and white hands, and Cairo seemed headed for anarchy.

In a futile effort to quiet matters, Chief Petersen and Mayor Lee Stenzel resigned. Their action prompted Cunningham's group to cancel a planned rally, but failed to prevent shooting. Automatic rifle fire crackled through Pyramid Courts and two Negroes were slightly wounded.

Even though Cairo's Negroes lost the skirmish, they may have won a larger battle. A federal judge struck down the town's anti-picketing ordinance and the Governor's office has promised Cairo an immediate grant of \$290,000 for community projects. More important, the City Council, weary of both the tension and the fighting, voted to meet with "any interested parties," including the United Front, in search of a truce in Cairo's war between the races.

BILL WABASH—LEVITON ATLANTA



A DIFFERENT BURNING: Ku Klux Klan leaders claiming to represent 350 of North Carolina's 1,200 Klansmen incinerated their membership cards on a cross outside Concord, N.C., after breaking away from the United Klans of America. The split over control of funds and local chapter autonomy pointed up the nationwide decline of hooded white supremacists. Klan membership has dropped in three years from 14,000 to 6,500, reversing the revival of the Klan during the first years of the civil rights era.

THE WORLD

MAO'S HEALTH AND CHINA'S LEADERSHIP

WHENEVER Mao Tse-tung, the 76-year-old leader of 750 million Chinese, slips from the public eye for any length of time, the world beyond his closed kingdom soon begins to buzz with rumors of his illness or even death. In late 1965 and early 1966, Mao faded from view for six months, only to reappear suddenly and launch his disruptive Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. This year the Chairman's last public appearance occurred in mid-May—more than four months ago—and speculation about his health has begun to mount once again.

Earlier this month, Washington picked up an unconfirmed report that Mao was paralyzed; at about the same time Sinologists in Hong Kong heard rumors, from sources inside and outside China, that he was gravely ill. Then, from Moscow late last week, came the most detailed report to date. Communist sources there told TIME Bureau Chief Jerrold Schechter that Mao had suffered a stroke on Sept. 2 and was in critical condition; only a massive medical effort was keeping him alive. According to the sources, while Mao alternated between coma and consciousness decision-making in Peking was being handled by a triumvirate: Defense Minister Lin Piao, officially designated by the party last spring as Mao's heir; Premier Chou En-lai; and Ideologue Chen Po-ta, one of the main figures in the Cultural Revolution. The report hinted that a Chou-Lin power struggle was expected—and made clear a preference for Chou.

Mao Tse-tung's incapacitation or death would mark the end of China's most momentous era. Mao took a frag-



MAO TSE-TUNG (1966)

Authentic ring in specifics.

mented, warring nation, plunged it into the crucible of a Communist revolution, and for two decades thereafter used persuasion and terror to keep it from falling apart. He restructured the social order of the world's most populous nation and made China a power to be reckoned with. Within China, Mao's departure could result in a further loosening of Peking's central authority, already curtailed in the chaos of the Cultural Revolution. It could also lead to a relaxation of the zealous, puritanical quality of Maoist Communism. Outside the country, there could be signif-

icant changes in long-frozen positions on the Sino-Soviet split and China's relations with the U.S.

Ho's Funeral. What gave the Moscow story of Mao's illness an authentic ring was some of the specific information on which it rested. Mao's stroke, the sources said, explained why Chou left Hanoi so hurriedly on Sept. 4, without even bothering to wait for Ho Chi Minh's funeral. At the time, the speed with which he departed for Peking was interpreted as an attempt to avoid Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin, who was about to arrive for the ceremonies.

There was also at least one puzzling difference between the Moscow report and reports put out by China. The Moscow sources said, for example, that when Chou met with Kosygin in Peking on Sept. 11, he was accompanied by Lin and Chen. They even noted that Lin, who has suffered from tuberculosis for many years, had to leave the room twice because of coughing seizures. But the Chinese had announced that Chou's companions during the Kosygin meeting were Vice Premiers Li Hsien-nien and Hsieh Fu-shih. Why would Peking have troubled to disguise the presence of Lin and Chen—unless it feared that their presence might have tipped China-watchers to the existence of a crisis?

Notable Exception. Though the story aroused skepticism among experts, none were willing to dismiss it outright. But Japanese experts said they had perceived no signs of trouble. And at week's end, the New China News Agency published a brief story that mentioned both Mao and Lin as "personally" approving posthumous honors for ten Chinese soldiers who fell in clashes with the Soviets.

Before the Moscow report about Mao, there was a good deal of evidence that the Russians were trying to patch up their bitter, nine-year feud with the Chinese. After the Kosygin-Chou meeting, the Soviets abruptly turned off their radio and newspaper campaign against the Chinese. The most notable exception was a story by London *Evening News* Correspondent Victor Louis, a Soviet citizen believed to have close ties to the K.G.B., the Soviet secret police. Louis hinted that Moscow, under the Brezhnev Doctrine, had not abandoned the possibility of intervention in China. Despite that report, the 4,500-mile Sino-Soviet border was reported quiet for the first time in months of almost daily incidents.

In any case, the line-up on the days in Peking's Tienanmen Square next week should be revealing. At that time, the Chinese government will celebrate its 20th anniversary. If Mao, the author of China's revolution, is well, he will be on the rostrum. If he does not show, there will be a strong reason to believe that People's China will begin its third decade with new leadership.



CHOU EN-LAI, CHEN PO-TA (CENTER), LIN PIAO (1968)

The line-up next week should be revealing.

CAN VIETNAMIZATION WORK?

I HAVE to remind you, ladies and gentlemen, that we get only one guess at this, that we cannot go back to the drawing board if we make a mistake." The speaker, at a White House briefing last week, was a top-level Administration aide. The subject was "Vietnamization," the effort to place ever-increasing responsibility for fighting the war in the hands of the Vietnamese.

With President Nixon's announcement that another 35,000 U.S. troops will be withdrawn from South Viet Nam, bringing the total to roughly 60,000 (see NATION), Vietnamization becomes a matter of paramount importance. The very survival of the South as a separate entity may be at stake. Also at stake is the entire American strategy for withdrawal. The hopeful Pentagon scenario calls for gradual replacement of U.S. forces by South Vietnamese, until only U.S. air, artillery and logistic support need remain. If the South Vietnamese should prove incapable of fulfilling this assigned role, the U.S. would then have to decide whether to stop the withdrawals or to abandon Saigon's army and regime to almost certain defeat.

U.S. Support. To a great many observers, Vietnamization looks like an illusion, or worse. How, they asked, can the South Vietnamese after two decades of war successfully take on the military task that half a million American troops could not quite handle? U.S. officials reply that the Vietnamese, after all, are fighting in their own country, would still be backed up by American support troops, and may be psychologically braced by the feeling that they must finally stand on their own feet. The argument is far from convincing, but the U.S. has no choice at the moment but to give Vietnamization a fair try.

In terms of sheer size, South Viet Nam's military establishment is impressive. Counting Army, Air Force, Navy, and various paramilitary forces, it totals 1,022,000 under arms. Another 1,500,000 belong to local self-defense forces, armed with a number of outdated but still reasonably effective weapons. Regular soldiers have seen their equipment steadily improve in quality. The U.S. was slow to supply the best weapons to South Viet Nam's forces. But now all 185 maneuver battalions of the Army of the Republic of Viet Nam (ARVN) are equipped with U.S.-supplied M-16 assault rifles, a considerable improvement over the obsolete M-1s and carbines of the war's early days. The average South Vietnamese soldier, however, still has access to far fewer mortars, artillery, Jeeps, trucks, armored vehicles, helicopters and planes than does the G.I.

Still more important is ARVN morale. For many South Vietnamese soldiers, military duty may begin at the age of 18 and end at 40—if they survive that long. Unmarried infantrymen

earn a bare dollar a day. Until recently, the military postal system was so poor that soldiers could never count on their letters and remittances reaching home. Caught in a war that promised to be endless, led by officers who often owed their jobs to bribery or political clout, yearning to return to their families and their hamlets, South Viet Nam's soldiers fought either poorly or not at all.

ARVN morale probably reached its nadir in 1965, when the army was losing the equivalent of a battalion a week to the onrushing Communists. From 1965 until last year, most ARVN units were engaged largely in pacification work, while the Americans took over

THE PAGE



ARVN DRAFTEES AT INDUCTION CENTER
More sweat in training, less blood in combat.

the major combat role. "Naturally," said a U.S. general, "we felt that we could do the job better and faster, and, of course, ARVN worked less and less. Unfortunately, once you imply that a fighting force is second-rate, and treat it that way, it becomes pretty hard to reverse the trend." To G.I.s, South Vietnamese soldiers were a joke. They were referred to as "gooks," as "them Nugs" (from Nguyen, a popular Vietnamese surname), or as "the little people." A favorite epithet was "Marvin the Arvin." After the Tet offensive of February 1968, however, the sneers began to vanish. ARVN units stood and fought—and in many cases fought well. Last year the South Vietnamese lost 17,466 men, the U.S. 14,592. As American arms reached South Vietnamese units in steadily increasing numbers, the performance of the troops continued to improve, as did morale. Still, ARVN is not yet a match for its enemies, particularly regular North Vietnamese units. Major tests are likely in three areas

where U.S. combat forces either have left or are scheduled to pull out soon:

THE DELTA: The first test may well come in the rice-rich Mekong Delta, the South's most populous region. On Sept. 1, the U.S. 9th Infantry Division turned its base at Dong Tam over to the South Vietnamese Army. During its more than two years of operations, the 9th all but eliminated main-force Viet Cong units, which had previously controlled the area. Now, responsibility rests with the ARVN 7th Division, which is working hard to shuck its former reputation as the "Search and Avoid Division." "Ever since your 9th Division left," Colonel Tran Tien Khang, commander of the division's 11th Regiment, said last week, "we have had to work very hard. Before, every man averaged 20 days a month on operations; now,

they average 28. This means that men are on patrol, on search missions or night ambushes, almost every day." So far, there has been little combat—in keeping with the recent passivity of the enemy throughout South Viet Nam. But two North Vietnamese regiments (about 1,200 men) are reported to have infiltrated into the Delta since the G.I.s departed.

THE DEMILITARIZED ZONE: Far to the North, near the 17th parallel, there is concern as well. By Dec. 15, the 18,500 men of the U.S. 3rd Marine Division will have been withdrawn, leaving the gap to be filled by ARVN's 1st Division. The U.S. Commander in Viet Nam, General Creighton Abrams, calls the 1st the equal of any American division in the country. In line with its slogan, "More sweat in training, less blood in combat," it gives each trooper an extra five weeks of special training, and its combat record is excellent. Though it is twice the size of most other ARVN divisions, with its six regiments, the 1st may well have to be

spread too thin across the 37 miles of vulnerable frontier.

SAIGON: Spotted around the capital are three divisions that are generally conceded to be South Viet Nam's most ineffectual. A U.S. general calls the 5th "absolutely the worst outfit I've ever seen," and a Vietnamese General Staff member was quoted as saying that until last year the 25th was "the worst division ever to enter any battlefield east of Suez." In the past year, both divisions have improved slightly, as has the lightly regarded 18th Division. Now that the U.S. is withdrawing the 3rd Brigade of the 82nd Airborne Division, the defense of Saigon rests in these shaky hands.

If the South Vietnamese divisions are to continue to improve, more effort must be put into retraining. Accordingly, the U.S. last July launched a program called "Dong Tien" (Progress Together), under which some U.S. troops have been working, eating, fighting—and at times dying—together with ARVN troopers. The program has so far produced encouraging results. Under U.S. tutelage, ARVN units are learning to call in artillery and air support quickly and precisely—something they rarely did in the past. The South Vietnamese have also begun conducting night patrols more aggressively. In one respect, at least, the ARVN can tutor the G.I.s. "They think more like the Viet Cong than we do," said Major Kenneth Sweeney. "They're better at finding booby traps."

A Matter of Time. For all the progress, there is serious doubt about the ability of ARVN to stand on its own. A Vietnamese who spent four years in uniform and now practices law in Saigon predicted glumly: "They will not hold without the Americans standing behind them. They will collapse, unit by unit. I predict that you will see entire units deserting and going over to the enemy."

The outcome may well depend on just how many support troops the U.S. can maintain in South Viet Nam and for how long. Will U.S. public opinion stand for this support indefinitely? And how would such a U.S. presence in the South affect the chances of making a deal with Hanoi?

If the last of the U.S. combat units are not withdrawn for a few years, the South Vietnamese might develop, as the Koreans did in the 1950s, into effective fighters. So some of the more optimistic U.S. planners argue—possibly ignoring not only the differences between the two wars but between the two peoples and their ethnic characteristics. At any rate, a key element in the Vietnamization program may be time. If Richard Nixon, in response to domestic pressure, feels compelled to accelerate U.S. withdrawals, the program could fail. If the pullout is gradual, it might work. "It is a very hopeful idea," said a Pentagon official of Vietnamization. "It is the only one that will let us get out of there eventually. But please, let's not go too fast."

LAOS

The Tiger in the Pagoda

The seldom reported war in Laos ebbs and flows with the seasons. In dry weather, the Communist Pathet Lao and their North Vietnamese allies go on the offensive. During the monsoon rains, the more mobile Royal Laotian Army is trucked or helicoptered into battle and usually regains what has been previously lost.

The scenario was rewritten last spring, when the Communists mounted an unprecedented monsoon offensive, captured the town of Muong Soui and threatened to drive all the way to the Mekong River. Now the scenario has been modified further. In an operation launched amidst extraordinary secrecy early this month, Royal Laotian troops mounted a two-pronged attack against the Plain of Jars in the northeast, and against Communist units guarding the

noticed because of their ethnic similarities to the Laotian people, and because they wear Royal Laotian uniforms. There are also an estimated 40,000 North Vietnamese in Laos, and perhaps 1,000 Americans.

Political Operation. Under the Geneva treaty, Laos is supposed to be governed by a three-way coalition, with four Cabinet seats set aside for the Pathet Lao, eleven for the neutralists and four for the rightists. From the first, it was a shaky arrangement. In 1963, the Pathet Lao quit the government, leaving Prince Souvanna Phouma, the Premier, in command of a neutralist-royalist coalition. In 1964, the Communists drove the neutralists from the Plain of Jars and set about creating their own "neutralist" wing from a nucleus of defectors. The Pathet Lao figure that a new coalition will be formed once peace comes to Viet Nam, and they hope to control at least half the Cabinet posts by



PREMIER SOUVANNA PHOUMA
Rewriting the scenario.

Ho Chi Minh Trail in central Laos. Last week, for the first time in five years, government forces were in control of part of the broad Plain of Jars, so called because of the many funeral jars on the area's tombs. Preceding the offensive was an intensive rain of bombs from Thai-based U.S. planes, which have turned the whole region into a "free-fire zone," where anything that moves is considered fair game. A woman refugee from Mahaxay said the town had emptied so completely because of the bombing that a tiger had taken up residence in the ruins of the main pagoda.

The government advance met only light opposition, suggesting either that the offensive surprised the Communists or that they had pulled back to avoid the lethal air attack. One of the few non-Communist casualties reported was that of an American CIA agent who was presumably acting as an adviser. Under the terms of the 1962 Geneva treaty, the presence of any armed man in Laos, except for the Laotians, is illegal. Even so, several thousand Thai troops have been operating more or less secretly in Laos for over a year. They have gone un-

placing their "neutralists" in the government. Aware of the Communists' intentions, Souvanna Phouma confirmed that the offensive, at least on the Plain of Jars, was more political than military.

The intensified fighting seemed to provoke more concern in Washington than in Vientiane. At the urging of Kentucky's Senator John Sherman Cooper, the Senate adopted by an 86-to-0 vote a vague amendment barring the use of certain defense funds for U.S. combat support of local forces in Laos or Thailand. The object, said Cooper, was to prevent the nation "from moving step by step into war in Laos or Thailand, as it did in Viet Nam." The Pentagon said that the amendment would have no practical effect; the U.S. has available other funds sufficient to maintain military forces in both countries. What the Senate critics seemed to overlook, besides, was that the U.S. is involved elsewhere in Southeast Asia because of its position in Viet Nam. With Washington making every effort to extricate itself from Viet Nam, the U.S. is not very likely to make a heavy commitment of ground troops in Laos or Thailand.

UNITED NATIONS: "IT'S ALL WE GOT"

AS a river of rented limousines flowed up to United Nations headquarters in Manhattan last week and disgorged delegates for the opening session of the General Assembly, a dour-faced old man stood across the street holding aloft a hand-lettered sign: THE U.N. IS A FARCE. Nobody seemed to take notice except a group of high-school students waiting for a bus nearby. One of them tore out a page of notebook paper, scribbled a few words on it and hoisted his rejoinder: DON'T KNOCK IT, IT'S ALL WE GOT.

Among the representatives from 125* nations who launched the General Assembly's 24th session, a similar mixture of muted hope and outright despair seemed to prevail. Few expected the 13-week session to produce much progress in settling the world's major conflicts in Viet Nam and the Middle East. Still, there was always the possibility that some crises could be eased at private diplomatic meetings in the town houses and apartments of New York. At one such meeting, held in U.N. Secretary-General U. Thant's 38th-floor office suite at week's end, representatives of the U.S., Russia, Britain and France agreed to resume Big Four talks on the Mideast after a ten-day hiatus.

Gradual Decline. For all the behind-the-scenes activity, many delegates voiced growing impatience with the U.N.'s impotence in the face of international crises. Some of the bluntest words came from the General Assembly's new President, outspoken Angie Brooks of Liberia (see box). Last year's General Assembly, she said in her acceptance speech, was "the opposite of dynamism." Delegates had "ignored or sidetracked" important world problems, she charged, thus accelerating "the gradual decline of the U.N. in the eyes of the public."

Despite Miss Brooks' scolding, the atmosphere smacked more of the first day at prep school than of a world body confronted with an awesome catalogue of crises. Delegates greeted one another cheerfully, applauded when the Swaziland delegates marched barefoot to their seats wearing brilliant red printed togas and feathers in their hair and openly ogled Mrs. Shirley Temple Black as she took her place for the first time with the U.S. delegation.

Neither the U.S. nor the Soviet Union, in their major speeches, offered much promise that the current session would be more dynamic or productive than its predecessors. President Nixon, in his first appearance before the General Assembly, emphasized that U.S. steps toward peace in Viet Nam, including the bombing halt and troop withdrawals, have been "responsive to views expressed in this room." Accordingly, he asked delegates of all nations to turn their "best

diplomatic efforts" to persuading Hanoi to make a few concessions too. The delegates, apparently disappointed that the President had failed to unveil new plans for peace in his speech, applauded perfunctorily and did not accord him the standing ovation normally given to heads of state.

No Clue. Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko was low-keyed but also off-key; in a long statement on regional security, he demanded the withdrawal of U.S. troops from South Viet Nam and of Israelis from the occupied territories, but implied that North Vietnamese units should be allowed to remain in the South and Soviet troops in Czechoslovakia. Most disappointingly, he gave no definite clue that Russia was finally willing to begin talks with the U.S. on limiting stra-

tegic weapons. He even rejected Nixon's proposal to agree immediately to impose an embargo on arms shipments to the Middle East. Though Gromyko's speech contained few polemics, it was at least as unresponsive as Nixon's to urgent problems. Next week Gromyko and Secretary of State William Rogers will resume private bilateral talks on the Mideast; the most that can be expected, however, is agreement on a joint attitude toward peace negotiations, and few U.S. officials expect the talks to get that far.

The Middle East conflict will figure in scheduled debates on two subjects this fall: the condition of Palestinian refugees, who have been U.N. wards since 1948, and Arab claims of human-rights violations in Israeli-occupied territories. Other debates certain to engage the Assembly's time and temper include the protection of civil rights for Northern Ireland's Catholic minority and restric-

Everybody's Miss Brooks

THE 24th President of the U.N.

General Assembly, Liberia's ebullient Angie Brooks, is no stranger to the job of keeping order among large and contentious clans. Though long divorced, she still supports 19 adopted children in Liberia. Over the years, besides raising her own two sons, who are now grown and working in her country, she has been foster mother to 47 youngsters. The maternal image is enhanced by her ample figure and by the matching *lappa* (skirts) and turbans that she prefers to the businesslike suits worn by most other women delegates at the U.N.

At 41, Angie Brooks is a 15-year veteran of U.N. diplomacy, a skillful lawyer and Liberia's Assistant Secretary of State. In 1958, when both the President and Secretary of State were out of the country, she even filled in briefly as her nation's

chief executive. Much of her work at the U.N. has involved the transformation of former colonial states into independent countries. Miss Brooks can view black Africa's yearning for *uhuru*, or independence, from a unique position. She is a leading figure in the continent's oldest republic—founded in 1847 by black freedmen from the U.S. She also claims descent from a back-country tribe rather than from one of Liberia's elite founding "honorable," and so knows something about the tribal loyalties and rivalries that play so big a role in Africa.

The daughter of a Baptist minister, she was raised by a widowed seamstress when the burden of nine children became too much for her father. After a teen-age marriage and divorce, she determined to seek a higher education. She worked her way through all-black Shaw University in Raleigh, N.C., as a dishwasher and laundress, and financed her law studies at the University of Wisconsin with jobs as a library assistant and nurse's aide. In 1952 and 1953 she studied international law at London University.

Miss Brooks dislikes idle speechifying. While presiding over the U.N.'s agenda committee last week, she politely cut off Soviet Ambassador Yakov Malik in the middle of a routine procedural debate, ordered a vote on the matter and went on to new business. "The U.N. could and should remain the best means of international cooperation that has ever been at mankind's disposal," she says. Then, as though speaking of one of her children, she adds: "But we have to nurse and cherish and cultivate it."



ANGIE IN GENERAL ASSEMBLY

* Haiti, the 126th member, was not present.

tions on chemical and germ warfare. There is every prospect that the U.N. will formally decide to enter the pollution-control field by setting up the first worldwide governmental conference on the protection of the environment, to be held in 1972. Almost certainly, given the Afro-Asian majority in the Assembly, strong resolutions will be passed during the sessions condemning the white-supremacist regimes in Rhodesia, Angola and Mozambique.

The perennial resolution proposing membership for Red China is almost certain to be rejected for the 19th year, despite oblique hints from Peking that it is ready, after just as many years of indifference, to join the roster. The Red Chinese are expected to receive support from Canada and Italy, whose envoys are currently negotiating diplomatic recognition of Red China. The U.S., as always, will lead the opposition. There are reports as well that East Germany is anxious for membership, and that East European nations will attempt a bit of backdoor maneuvering in order to gain U.N. status for Walter Ulbricht's regime. Neither Germany is now a member, although West Germany holds observer status.

Time Running Out. Secretary-General U Thant warned last May that the nations of the world have "perhaps ten years left" to solve their ancient quarrels and begin working together. In his annual report last week, he sounded even more pessimistic. Rather than reducing the level of nuclear arms, he charged, the major powers have assumed "the incalculable and unmanageable risks of pursuing a race which may end in disaster for all mankind." There has been "very little progress" toward peace and security, Thant said, and "time is running out." If the initial indications are accurate, Thant—and mankind—will be no closer to victory in their race against time when the current U.N. session ends.



SOVIET FOREIGN MINISTER GROMYKO AT U.N.
Low-keyed but also off-key.

WEST GERMANY: READY FOR THE PARLOR



SCHILLER



BRANDT



KIESINGER

High degree of Risikobereitschaft among the voters.

THERE were the usual helicopter-borne candidates, convoys of black Mercedes limousines and free carnations for ladies in Stuttgart. But there was also something unusual in the air as West Germany prepared to go to the polls this Sunday, in the sixth general election since the Federal Republic was founded 20 years ago. Halls and market places were filled to overflowing for every major candidate. Women and young people turned up at political rallies in unprecedented numbers. Questions put to the candidates showed deep understanding of complex issues.

What caused the almost palpable air of excitement and expectation was the fact that for the first time in the post-war era, Germans are facing the prospect of a neck-and-neck race. There is even a chance—if only a slim one—that after 20 years at the helm, the Christian Democrats may wind up in the opposition and that West Germany might be run by a Socialist-led government.

Junior Partners. Out of power since 1930, during the Weimar Republic, the Social Democratic Party (S.P.D.) has been the runner-up to the Christian Democrats (C.D.U.) in every federal election since 1949. Only 33 months ago, the Socialists left the opposition benches and became junior partners in a Grand Coalition under Christian Democratic Chancellor Kurt Georg Kiesinger. This year their pre-election showing has been the most formidable ever.

Fearful of influencing the votes, Germany's polling organizations agreed to stop releasing results six weeks before election day. Even so, enough figures have leaked out to show that the Socialists may pull anywhere from 39% to 46% of the vote, v. 40% to 44% for the Christian Democrats. The fading Free Democrats will probably draw less than the 9.5% that they polled in 1965, while the ultra-rightist National Democrats (see following story) may

draw 5%. The Communists will undoubtedly fall short of the 5% necessary for a party to win representation in the Bundestag. Key to all speculation is the size of the undecided vote—and it may be as high as 26%.

West Germany has done very well under the Christian Democrats, and to most Germans Chancellor Kiesinger is the model of what a statesman should look like—tall, dignified and silver-haired. In a straightforward popularity contest, he would probably outpoll Socialist Leader Willy Brandt 2 to 1. But there is a sense of fatigue in the C.D.U. slogans ("SECURELY INTO THE '70s"). Resorting to one of those polysyllabic German jawbreakers, pollsters claim that the voters are displaying a higher degree of *Risikobereitschaft*, or willingness to take risks. Brandt's reform-minded Socialists, with their advocacy of revaluation of the German mark, bridge-building to the East, and greater worker participation in management and profit sharing will be the direct beneficiaries. Their constructive role as a partner in the Grand Coalition has helped them overcome the old fears that the "Sozis" would run wild if they gained power.

More Equal. The S.P.D.'s new image is a reflection of its talented, attractive leadership—in particular boyish-looking Karl August Fritz Schiller, 58, the brilliant Economics Minister who helped to end West Germany's 1966 recession and reduce unemployment from 700,000 to a minuscule 113,000, less than 4 of 1% of the working force. Schiller, whose election oratory has drawn some of the largest, most turbulent crowds of the campaign, has actually been overshadowing Brandt. He has been so successful on the stump that, despite his size (5 ft. 9 in., 135 lbs.), German papers now call him the "election locomotive." It was Schiller who triggered a brief slanging match over Kiesinger's membership in the Nazi

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with Torsion-Quiet Ride

Party—and was immediately reminded that he had been a member too. The Swiss newspaper *Die Weltwoche* headlined the incident: EX-NAZIS CALL EX-NAZIS EX-NAZIS. But on the whole, the campaign has been remarkably clean.

The most interesting outcome of the election would undoubtedly be a government without the Christian Democrats, formed by the S.P.D. in a "Little" Coalition with the Free Democrats. Says F.D.P. Leader Walter Scheel: "It would be best for both the state and the other parties if the C.D.U. had the opportunity to modernize itself in the opposition." Even if the election resulted in no more than a renewal of the current Grand Coalition, the Social Democrats are likely to make their strongest showing yet. That would undoubtedly give them a greater voice in the formation and execution of West German policies in the early 1970s.

Echoes from an Unhappy Past

Virtually everywhere they campaign, the scene is the same: Helmeted police, chanting, angry demonstrators, occasional scuffles, the din of derisive "Sieg Heil" and "Nazis out!" Not since the 1920s, when the Nazis were reaching for power, has a German political party provoked so much tumult and violence as the far-right, ultranationalist National Democratic Party. Chancellor Kiesinger, admitting that the N.P.D. is not purely neo-Nazi, describes it as "extremely harmful." Judging from the intensity of the oratory directed against the N.P.D., there are times when it sounds as if it were the party in power.

There is, of course, no danger that Adolf ("Bubi") von Thadden, 48, the party's aristocratic, articulate leader, will sweep into power—or anywhere near it—in next Sunday's general elections; after all, there are but 30,000 card-carrying members. Von Thadden's goal is far more modest: to poll at least 5% of the national vote, the minimum required for representation in the Bundestag. Even that prospect alarms many Germans, who are concerned about the bad name the N.P.D. is giving their country abroad. Anti-party banners proclaim N.P.D. = ATHLETE'S FOOT OF THE NATION, and ONE ADOLF WAS ALREADY TOO MANY. As Von Thadden likes to quip in his campaign speeches, "People are always telling me that the Americans won't buy any more Volkswagens when we are in the Bundestag." Though the N.P.D. won only 2% of the vote in the 1965 general election, he grandly predicts that the party will garner 8% to 12% this time. One reason for his confidence is the fact that the party won 7.4% of the vote in state elections in Bavaria in 1966, rose to 9.8% in Baden-Württemberg two years later, and is now represented in seven of Germany's ten state legislatures.

Von Thadden vehemently denies that he or his party is neo-Nazi. His own background is impeccable. As far as is known, he was not a member of the Nazi Party, and his distinguished Prus-



ADOLF V. THADDEN

VON THADDEN
One Adolf too many?

sian Junker family was active in the anti-Hitler resistance (a half-sister was executed by the Nazis in 1944). He is not a rabble-rouser by any means: he speaks forcefully but with little passion, devoting much of his speeches to denying charges of Nazism. When hecklers interrupt, he either rebuffs them with sarcasm or stands coolly by, puffing on a cigarette, until the ruckus dies down. Occasionally, he has even given his detractors time on the rally days.

For all that, the beefy *Ordner* (order keepers) at N.P.D. rallies remind all too many Germans of Nazi storm troopers. The party's platform appeals not only to German self-pity but also to glories of another time. Von Thadden tells Germans there is no reason to feel guilty, to "beat ourselves with the past." He advocates German reunification, a greater German voice in NATO, and tough measures against criminals and protesters. The N.P.D.'s slogan: "Security Through Law and Order." Goodly numbers of Germans share some of these sentiments, but they shrink from Von Thadden for fear of Nazism and the violence that surrounds the party.

To Germany's New Left, of course, Von Thadden's preachments are anathema. In Dortmund last week, 10,000 demonstrators taunted Von Thadden with such thunderous "Sieg Heils" that he could not be heard. In Kassel, two anti-N.P.D. demonstrators were shot and wounded; the party claimed that it had no idea who the gunman was. To protect himself from flying eggs, tomatoes and rocks, Von Thadden speaks at open-air meetings from behind a glass cage, and a bulletproof Mercedes-Benz limousine whisks him from rally to rally.

Young People. The N.P.D. finds support largely among farmers, lower-middle-class burghers, blue-collar workers, the military and, surprisingly, some young people, mostly high school graduates. Sociologist Erwin Scheuch of

the University of Cologne describes N.P.D. sympathizers as "society's relative losers, members of an affluent society who are, relatively speaking, not prospering enough." Less gently, Kiesinger describes them as "the peripheral beings—the malcontents and the moaners who somehow cannot come to terms with the world." To be sure, Von Thadden appeals to those with overpowering personal frustrations. But he also aims at a far wider audience—those who feel a sense of frustrated nationalism growing out of Germany's division and its dependence on other powers.

Despite much public and political pressure for banning the party as undemocratic, the government has so far declined to do so, for fear it could not win in court. The squeeze on the N.P.D. has been applied in more subtle ways: many cities refuse to rent the party municipally owned halls for rallies, newspapers reject its ads, and television has all but blacked out its campaign. Preparing his alibi in advance, Von Thadden says he will appeal the election returns in court on the grounds that the N.P.D. has not been given a fair chance of presenting its case to the voters. If he wins 5% or more, he is unlikely to bother. As a result, many Germans are hoping that they will see Bubi in court before long.

FRANCE

Painful Re-Entry

In France, the term *la rentrée* does not refer only to spacemen plunging back into the earth's atmosphere but also to vacationers returning to the daily grind from their month-long August break. This year, re-entry for millions of Frenchmen was as rough as it ever was for an astronaut in his red-hot capsule. For none was it more painful than President Georges Pompidou.

Price Police. In the wake of his 124% devaluation of the franc, Pompidou launched an austerity program that featured a freeze on most prices. Despite the efforts of the Finance Ministry's "price police"—an army of footsore men in serge suits who carry large account books and check prices in thousands of shops—France's legion of small shopkeepers almost immediately began pushing prices up. In Paris, roughly 1 in every 10 shopkeepers broke the line and marked up prices an average of 5%. Last week the workers, reacting to the austerity program, were staying home from work in greater numbers than at any time since the nationwide shutdown in May 1968. The strikes constituted the first real challenge to Pompidou's authority and could well lead to an early showdown between his fledgling government and France's huge, Communist-dominated labor unions.

Workers on the nationalized railways struck for seven days, halting 60% of France's trains and stranding hundreds of families home-bound from vacation. The trainmen finally settled for about a two-hour reduction in their 46-hour

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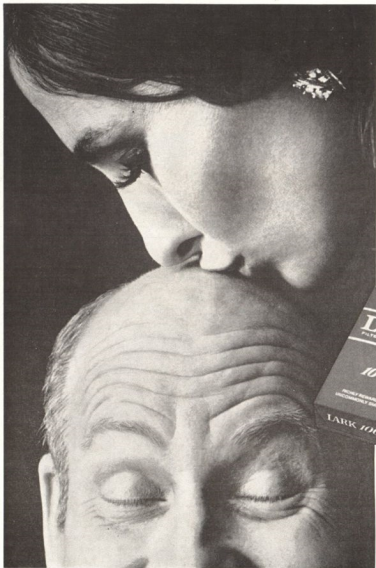
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work week. In Paris, a wildcat strike of subway workers brought the underground Métro's 17 lines to a virtual standstill. When bus drivers joined in, as so often before, Paris became a city of pedestrians and monumental traffic jams. Post-office workers served notice that they intend to walk off their jobs next week.

Coste System. Far worse trouble may lie ahead for Pompidou. That became evident when Georges Séguy, the Communist leader of France's 1,500,000-member Confédération Générale du Travail, warned that Pompidou's term of office "might well be short" because of labor unrest. Without mentioning Séguy by name, Pompidou responded with noticeable speed—and anger. He was convinced, he told his Cabinet last week, that workers "will not be duped and will not let themselves be drawn into irrelevant or violent actions." In any case, he warned, the government would take every step to ensure "republican order is maintained."

Against this backdrop of growing conflict, Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas went before the National Assembly to unveil the government's program for *la Nouvelle Société*—a phrase apparently intended as the slogan of the Pompidou administration. The Deputies routinely approved the program, 369 to 85, but what really impressed them was Chaban-Delmas' speech—one of the frankest assessments of France's shortcomings ever made by a national leader (see following story). French society, he declared, is "blocked" and "archaic." Demands from almost every sector for special protection and privilege have made the government "tentacular and ineffective." As for France's resistance to change, Chaban-Delmas said: "Frenchmen too frequently prefer to fight with words, even if they cover dramatic failures rather than realities."

Herculean Change. Chaban-Delmas went on to outline the Pompidou program. Proposed reforms involve top-to-bottom changes in almost every area:

- Greater autonomy for nationalized transportation, now subsidized by Paris to the annual tune of \$2 billion.
- Increased credits for education.
- Larger family allowances for those with greater needs, rather than a standard sum for everybody.
- A cut in military service from 16 months to twelve.
- A 40% increase in investment in France's crossed-wires telephone system.
- A relaxation of government control over radio and TV networks.
- A reorganization of the labyrinthine French bureaucracy.

Obviously impressed, Paris' *Le Monde* described the plan as "a herculean task" that requires nothing less than the "unblocking of French society." Whatever else it may be, the sweeping program must also be considered an implied rebuke to Charles de Gaulle, who tried but failed to reshape French society during his eleven years of rule.

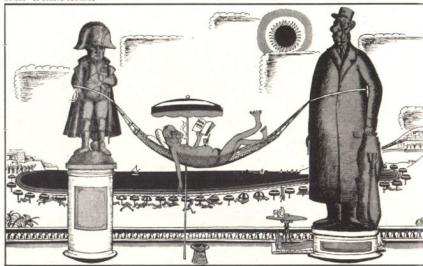
THE FRENCH FACE MEDIOCRITY

The strikes, the bitter debates and the political battles that gripped France last week could not alone explain the nation's unusually somber mood. When Georges Pompidou succeeded Charles de Gaulle three months ago, his countrymen were ready for a good long vacation. Except for the jolt of the franc's devaluation, they got it. But as the schools reopened, as the Chamber of Deputies resumed business in earnest, as "the season" in Paris began, 50 million Frenchmen were suddenly confronted with the sad fact that, from now on, their country is likely to play in the world a role greatly diminished from the one they had been led to expect. Reports TIME Correspondent Friedel Ungeheuer:

he did not find happiness and, let me add, never bestowed it on France. However, despite the lack of happiness, he attained the pinnacles of grandeur, and endowed France with it to such a point that ever since our people have not resigned themselves to mediocrity and always answered the appeal to honor." Continued Pompidou, in an obvious reference to De Gaulle: "Our most recent history was a striking demonstration of this, once more thanks to the action of an exceptional man."

The retirement of that exceptional man has forced Frenchmen to examine their problems—economic, social and cultural—in a new and often unflattering

MOISAN—LE CANARD ENCHAÎNÉ



"BETWEEN ONE EXCEPTIONAL MAN AND ANOTHER, THERE IS ROOM FOR HAPPINESS."

PARTLY, of course, France's self-doubts derive from the departure of Charles de Gaulle, with his towering figure and lofty rhetoric. The general gave his people visions of glory and grandeur. He prodded them to compete on a superpower scale—as builders of rockets, proprietors of an independent nuclear force, dispensers of foreign aid, and shapers of an all-embracing world strategy. Now comes Pompidou with his promise to turn France into "Sweden, with a little more sunshine."

To an extent, the new President offered that pledge in response to the demands of French voters, who during last spring's election campaign seemed to want nothing so much as a descent from the Gaullist heights. But the idea that Frenchmen would settle for such a passive role plainly grated on Pompidou. Perhaps France could have happiness and honor, gratification and glory? Nowhere did Pompidou express that view more trenchantly than at Ajaccio, Corsica, birthplace of Napoleon. Marking the bicentennial of Napoleon's birth last month, Pompidou pointed out: "In fact,

they have found that De Gaulle's visions, however enchantingly phrased, obscured some serious shortcomings. As a result, the nation feels suddenly, and uncomfortably, second-rate. "Mediocrity," says a young Gaullist deputy, "can be enriching, even enjoyable, but mediocre nevertheless."

The most dramatic reminder of France's reduced role was the 124% devaluation of the franc, which has forced some unfavorable economic comparisons not only with the U.S., but also with West Germany or even The Netherlands and Italy. France's showcase industries remain a pride and a strength. The Caravelle, first of the second-generation jet transports, the famous Mirage jet fighter of Marcel Dassault and the largely French-designed supersonic Concorde testify to the inventiveness of France's aeronautical industry. But for lack of more mundane skills, particularly in the important areas of engineering and middle-echelon management, French products cannot compete with Italian refrigerators and washing machines, Dutch toasters and transistors

All other watch movements
are fighting gravity. And friction.
And they lose.



Accutron Date and Day "M": 14K solid gold; gold applied markers; sause or silver dial; date tests instantly; protected against common watch hazards. \$250. Other styles from \$110.

The odds against the conventional balance wheel watch are just too much. Every time you move your arm you change the rate of timekeeping. Due to the effects of gravity. (This source of error is negligible in the Accutron movement.)

And with every day that goes by, the oil in the balance wheel bearings deteriorates. Thus increasing the friction. And changing the rate of timekeeping

some more. (This source of error doesn't exist in Accutron because our tuning fork *has no bearings*. This is also why Accutron doesn't need to be cleaned and relubricated every year or two, as balance wheel watches do.)

Furthermore no manufacturer of a balance wheel watch can reliably predict how large these errors in timekeeping will be. The fact is, the accu-

racy of any balance wheel watch is a matter of *chance*.

In comparison, the minor errors in timekeeping of the Accutron movement *are* predictable and therefore can be compensated for. That's why Bulova is able to guarantee accuracy. To within a minute a month.*

When you can beat gravity and friction, it's not that difficult.

Accutron® by Bulova. The most accurate watch in the world.

*Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if purchased from an authorized Accutron dealer and returned to him within one year of date of purchase. ©Bulova Watch Co.

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Yes, but don't panic if your best girl works for us. Or if the man in your life uses Kelly Girl® temporary help.

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or West German machine tools. What is more, with 17% of its labor force still working on farms (compared to 11% for West Germany) and 50% of its exports accounted for by farm products, France simply is not the competitor for world industrial markets that it should be.

Much of the problem lies with France's small shopkeepers, farmers and minor manufacturers, whose narrow views have saddled France with one of the most backward and selfish middle classes in Europe. De Gaulle had a plan to reform this outmoded structure. Just as he broke the resistance of France's colonial army to end the Algerian war, he was intent on breaking the power and influence of its dom-



ANDRÉ MALRAUX

Nothing to fill the mantles.

inant bourgeoisie to end the chasm between the monied and working classes. The byword of that campaign, one of the countless phrases that passed from De Gaulle's lips and into the consciousness of all France, was *participation*. It soon came to mean everything from worker representation on management boards to reducing the hold of small-town *notables* on local governments by the creation of new regional councils. France's reply, of course, was the *non* vote in the referendum that forced De Gaulle's exit. With this astounding rebuke from middle-class France to De Gaulle still fresh in his mind, and with immediate problems of economic solvency that must be dealt with, Pompidou may be forced to delay efforts to produce real social reform for some time.

Another Western nation forced to accept a reduced vision of its importance is Britain, which managed to make the best of it by agreeing with Malcolm Muggeridge that second-rate powers had "great fun." Britain's new devotion to fun produced Europe's most vigorous

theater, practically a new age in popular music and a pop scene that has been emulated the world over. By contrast, the French seem hesitant, even fearful about tapping those resources of the imagination and intellect that once struck the rest of the world as being virtually inexhaustible. They have discovered, for the time being at least, that among the emptiest mantles of grandeur left by De Gaulle was his promise of a cultural renaissance.

France today has no apparent successors to Albert Camus and to Jean-Paul Sartre, who was all but ignored by student rebels in 1968. The art capital of the world has long since moved from Paris to New York, and the Parisian stage is languishing. New works from Alain Robbe-Grillet or from Jean-Marie Gustave Le Clézio, France's best-known young novelist, are still occasions of note, but few other novelists are noted abroad. One exception is France's film makers, especially such directors as François Truffaut, Alain Resnais and Swiss-born Director Jean-Luc Godard.

De Gaulle's approach to culture—involving the careful engineering of a creative resurgence—was entrusted to André Malraux, Western Europe's only Minister of Culture. Malraux's greatest achievements have been largely those of a museum curator—the staging of highly successful retrospectives (Picasso and Vermeer), the lending of treasures abroad, the sandblasting of Paris' soot-stained architecture. Beyond that, he sought to dot the French provinces with *Maisons de la Culture*, designed to bring theater and art to outlying cities and towns. While the idea was not without merit, many of the theatrical directors Malraux sent to the provinces proved so anti-Gaullist that he fired them. Even the revered actor-director Jean-Louis Barrault was sacked as director of Paris' Odéon for having turned it over to student dissidents for meetings during the demonstrations of May 1968.

If anything can rescue the French from their battle with mediocrity, it is their strong historic penchant for critical self-reflection. Just before De Gaulle returned to power, an editorial in a small provincial newspaper complained about France's fascination with diminutives. "Everybody wants his *petite maison*, his *petit jardin*, his *petite femme*, and finally his *petite retraite*," it said. "At this rate we will surely end up as *un petit peuple*." Part of De Gaulle's magic lay in his ability to lift his countrymen from such petty aspirations—and from such deep self-doubt. Now both appear to be returning more distressingly than ever. No one believes that France, the revolutionary birthplace of modern democracy, has lost all pride and will sink into smug complacency because De Gaulle has gone. Frenchmen have realized, however, that their rating as a nation depends less on one man's words or actions than on their combined deeds.

SOVIET UNION

Second Thoughts from Svetlana

Only two years ago she reminisced tenderly about her father, who called her his "little sparrow" when she was young and showered her with baby-talking letters. He was "courteous, unassuming and direct" to his underlings. His servants "loved and respected him for the most ordinary human qualities." Many of the misdeeds that had been committed in his time were due to the intrigues of others.

Such was the astonishing portrait of Joseph Stalin conveyed by his daughter, Svetlana Allilueva, in her first book, *Twenty Letters to a Friend*. Svetlana has since had some second thoughts. In her latest book, *Only One Year*, pub-

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS



SVETLANA & STALIN (1937)

In sum, "a monster."

lished this week by Harper & Row, she pictures her father as a despot who brought about a bloody terror that destroyed millions of people—in sum, "a moral and spiritual monster."

Svetlana has obviously done some reading, notably Leon Trotsky's biography of Stalin. Trotsky's devastating observations crop up in semidigested form throughout her new chapter on Stalin. No doubt it took courage for Svetlana to accept Trotsky's verdict that Stalin had created "an infernal hive of intrigues, forgeries, falsifications, surreptitious poisonings and murders." That is especially true since she had so recently regarded her father as a "victim" of the atrocities committed during his 25-year rule rather than their "author and perpetrator."

Hard Information. Her new book contains some bits of hard information in what many will regard as a large (444 pages) and shapeless piece of sentimentalism. For example, it dispels the myriad rumors about the fate of Stalin's infamous secret police chief, Lavrenty Beria. One persistent story has it that

How to fool a gin snob.

Make the biggest gin snob you know a Calvert martini. But do it in the kitchen so he doesn't see the label.

Tell him you've used his fancy brand. The kind that tries to be terribly Brrr-itish. Or definitely

is terribly expensive.

Now wait for his reaction.....

Funny how many gin snobs are only fooling themselves. Isn't it?

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DISTILLED DRY GIN - DISTILLED FROM 100% AMERICAN GRAIN - 90 PROOF - CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.

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New Issue

September 8, 1969

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he was shot or strangled by his colleagues at a meeting of the Politburo right after Stalin's death. Setting the record straight, Svetlana repeats that General A. A. Vishnevsky, chief surgeon of the Soviet Army, told her that Beria was summarily tried in 1953, held for a few days in the basement of the General Staff building in Moscow and shot there ten minutes after being sentenced.

Svetlana also provides some revealing new vignettes about her father. At the grisly gatherings he organized at his dachas, he loved to play practical jokes on his cronies and toadies, like putting a tomato on the chair of Anastas Mikoyan. Beria, mocked by Stalin as "the Prosecutor," was a favorite butt. Stalin used to goad the police chief into getting so drunk that he often had to be carried away insensible, sometimes after vomiting in the bathroom.

Occasionally, Svetlana can still speak about Stalin with stupefying naiveté: "Under no circumstances could one call him a neurotic; rather, powerful self-control was part of his nature." She argues that Lenin laid the foundation for terror and oppression in Russia, and that Stalin was merely the instrument of Leninism. She is no longer ready, however, to shift the bulk of the blame for her father's crimes to Beria. In 1941, Stalin railed to Svetlana about Beria, shouting obscenely, saying that he did not trust him; yet Beria remained in his post until Stalin's death. Moreover, she now asserts for the first time that the Bolshevik Revolution was "a tragic mistake." To reach such judgments in only one year surely requires a journey as long and as overwhelming as that between the Great Kremlin Palace and her current home in Princeton, N.J.

RHODESIA

Slum Clearance, Salisbury-Style

Working under cover of darkness, Rhodesian officials last week swooped down on the thatched kraal of Chief Rekayi Tangwena. After a brief, bitter struggle, Rekayi and a subchief were bundled into a police Land-Rover and driven to a tribal reserve 17 miles away.

Protesting their chief's removal, 160 angry tribesmen hiked 30 miles to the nearest district commissioner's office. They were led by Rekayi's defiantly bare-breasted wife, Matadziseyi, and a number of women who stripped completely—a common form of demonstrating contempt for authority in some parts of Africa. Most of the protesters, including the women, were seized and jailed after a scuffle. Left temporarily unattended in the confusion were 400 of the tribe's youngest children, as well as all of its precious cattle. "Two cows were taken by hyenas last night," said a Tangwena tribesman, "and they will probably get the rest tonight. That means we will have nothing left at all."

The 3,000 Tangwena had, in fact, precious little to begin with—except their land. Long before the white man came,

Maybe I should just say no to the new move*

It really doesn't hit you while all the office negotiations are going along so well...

...but some night soon you'll go home to kids you're yanking out of a school, a wife who has some pretty important roots down, a family that's suddenly kind of iffy about this golden new opportunity of yours.

That gets you down to the really important things.

And before the important things get you down, may we offer our almost fool-proof kind of help?

Millions of family moves have taught us great patience with kids, unflappable calm amid moving-day

chaos, good humor without unseemly cheeriness, and some of the most effective furniture handling and protection ideas in the whole moving business.

When you find yourself asking yourself funny questions... call the Allied agent in your town. He's heard them all before.

**...and to the new income and the new challenge you've been priming yourself for all this time? The best thing a family can have is a father who knows his own worth.*



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We move families, not just furniture

We'll give your money back if you don't think new DX gasoline is better than what you're now using.

Nobody sits around just thinking about gasoline or about gizmos to keep the whatchamacallits cleaner. We know the happiest event of your life is *not* running up to the service station to fill 'er up.

Most people just want a gasoline that makes their key work good.

So think about this. DX has a new gasoline that's so good we'll give your money back

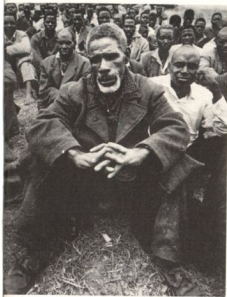
if you don't think it's better than what you're now using.

Turn your wheel the other way, for a change, into a DX Service Station. If you don't think new DX gasoline is better than what you're now using, we'll give your money back on initial purchase if made under the DX Trial Bond.

The monkey's on our back.



SUN OIL COMPANY • DX DIVISION



CHIEF TANGWENA
Nothing sacred.

they lived in the remote hills of Eastern Rhodesia. The boulder-strewn hillside land was good only for sparse crops of maize and yams. In 1930, the colonial government designated the Tangwena hills as "European land," but few settlers were interested. One syndicate, however, set up the Gaeresi Ranch in the area, and the Tangwena's 50 square miles was included within it. Still the land was little used.

In 1966, shortly after Rhodesia's all-white government declared its independence, Chief Rekayi received a letter from William Hammer, the ranch's director, giving him notice that he and his fellow tribesmen were to be evicted. The Tangwena fought back and their appeals were sustained by Rhodesia's High Court. Unimpressed by such legalities, the government in Salisbury simply overrode the decision, proclaiming that the "squatters" must move to a nearby tribal reserve. Rekayi, whose full name means "Let Tangwena Be," refused to go. The new land, he said, is considered sacred by his tribe and serves as the burial ground for at least three of its chiefs. As a result, some of his people were afraid to live there.

Most white Rhodesians dismissed the eviction as a simple matter of slum clearance. Internal Affairs Minister Lance Smith attacked those whites who protested, accusing them of being Communists or fellow travelers. Said Hammer: "People should mind their own business and not incite uneducated people to resist the law of the land."

By week's end, all of the Tangwena had been removed from the ranch and trucked off to the new preserve, where crude huts were being built for them. What would Hammer do with the newly cleared land? He refused to say, but there was a report that he planned to sell it.

This announcement appears as a matter of record only.

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September 18, 1969

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Tests By Doctors Prove It Possible To Shrink Painful Hemorrhoids



And Promptly Stop The Itching,
Relieve Pain In Most Cases.

A scientific research institute has discovered a medication which has the ability, in most cases—to actually shrink hemorrhoids and to promptly stop the burning itch and relieve pain.

In case after case, the sufferer first notices relief from itching and pain. Then painful swelling of the inflamed hemorrhoids is gently reduced.

Tests conducted on hundreds of patients by doctors in New York City,

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The secret is *Preparation H®*. There is no other formula for the treatment of hemorrhoids like Preparation H. In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids—Preparation H lubricates, soothes irritated tissues and helps prevent further infection.

Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories. No prescription is needed.

What you need to fly 20,000 dragging a bomb on a 500-foot exploring for nickel.

Sound involved? It is.

Exploring for nickel is complicated and expensive.

To start it fast and efficiently, you start in the air.

You dip into your pocket and come up with over \$300,000 for a plane you'd feel safe in flying 20,000 miles a year—at an altitude of 500 feet—going 120 mph.

Then into your pocket again for another \$200,000. That's what it will cost you to modify your plane and install equipment you'll need to locate nickel if it's around.

The bomb is like a microphone. You let it dangle from a 500-foot cable. The sensing devices inside detect mineral deposits on the ground and relay the information up to the electronic equipment in the plane.

To be effective, it's got to be close to the ground. So be careful. If it gets snagged in an unusually tall tree, you're in trouble.

Of course, once you've acquired all this expensive equipment, you'll want to go to where the nickel is.

One of your best bets would be northern Canada. So dress warmly and bring lots of supplies.

Up there it gets down to 40° below,

and you won't find many towns around.

You've got the equipment and you know where to go. Now you'll need men. Well-trained, experienced men.

If you can get five like the ones pictured below, that would be ideal.

From left to right they are: Trevor Blachford, data processor. Randy Dutchburn, navigator. Heikki Limon, group head. Bob Veale, pilot. Paul Wessler, equipment operator.

Bob, Paul and Randy work the plane hunting for the nickel.

When they land, they turn their electronic readings over to Trevor for interpretation.

Heikki, who is a geophysicist, studies the information looking for indications of possible nickel deposits.

Eliminate even one of these men and you've hurt your chances of finding nickel.

Well, that's it. Except for one thing.

Once you've found an indication of nickel, your work is just beginning.

You'll have to have experienced men to go in on the ground and examine the area. Then you'll have to send in more men to drill hundreds of holes for your evaluations.

So be patient. This takes a lot of time.

If the findings turn out negative, don't be discouraged. That's how it

goes—99 out of 100 times.

But if, with a combination of effort and knowhow (and a nod from Lady Luck), you happen to find a worthwhile deposit of nickel, there are a few things you'll need to know: like how to mine it, process it and get it to market.

Before we give you that information, there's a couple of things you'd better check on.

Like putting your hands on a few dozen million dollars and a few thousand workers.

Once you've got these two things worked out, you're ready to tackle the big problems.

Nickel helps other metals resist heat, cold, impact, pressure, abrasion, corrosion... to advance engineering in vital fields—power, desalination,



miles at 500 feet in 40° below, cable at 120 miles per hour

electronics, transportation, aerospace.

We're doing everything we can to produce more nickel. Searching around the world—Indonesia, Australia, Guatemala, Canada. We've found ways to extract nickel from ores thought too poor to mine a few years ago.

We count our blessings and respect our surroundings. From nickel ores, we recover platinum, palladium, twelve other commercially useful elements. Make iron pellets for steel. Convert smoke in our stacks to chemicals for other industries. On sand left from processing ore, we grow meadows of hay.

We are explorers. We're in 18 countries. Miners, researchers, market builders. We bring opportunity to

underdeveloped lands, new technologies, new payrolls, new tax income. Nickel in the ground is useless. We put it to work.

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PEOPLE

With the country supposedly quiet, the Washington *Post* could turn the attention of its editorial page to matters of less moment. Or so it thought. After it ran an editorial supporting the anti-bra movement among women and even suggesting that "men blatantly exploit women as consumers" by foisting off such an unnecessary item of apparel, the *Post* got a chiding letter from an unexpected source. Wrote Elder Statesman **Dean Acheson**: "What traitor or fifth columnist on your staff embittered the war between the sexes by blaming men for the bra? Even as a boy looking at pictures of Boadicea, Britain's warrior queen (circa A.D. 60), one could see that she wore a brass bra as protection against the Romans—where it may still be needed, from what I hear. If armor has now been turned from defense to seduction, it was a woman who did it—and to perpetrate fraud on men. So far as the latter are concerned, women can, if they wish, go as topless as they are now bottomless."

At first his manager claimed that he was just feverish from some bug he picked up in Australia, but now it's official: love has finally come to **Tiny Tim**. An impetuous swain, the unearthly fablet couldn't wait to tell reporters about his betrothal to **Vicki Budinger**, 17, and thereby robbed **Johnny Carson** of a promised exclusive on the *Tonight Show*. Still, Carson got to preside over the presentation of a diamond ring to "Miss Vicki" and signed up the lovers for a network wedding on Christmas Day. As **Tiny** tells it, he first met **Vicki** last June in Philadelphia when he was autographing copies of his book, *Beautiful Thoughts*. "He had a Band-Aid on his hand," she recalls, "and he told me it was from removing warts." For his

part, **Tiny**, 36, was so smitten that he "shed a tear and put it in an envelope that I always keep in my ukulele."

"I hit him in the face and he went down. He came back up right away and he hit me with this blackjack. I've got a knot the size of a goose egg on my head." That was Idaho's Senator **Len B. Jordan** reporting a personal encounter with the law-and-order issue in crime-plagued Washington, D.C. The 70-year-old legislator was on his way to a Senate prayer breakfast when he was accosted by a burly young thug in the elevator of his apartment building. The youth demanded **Jordan's** wallet and watch, but the crusty Republican was in the mood for dissent. He swung. "It's ridiculous that you have to live dangerously like this," said **Jordan**, a 200-pounder who played football as a youth. "I figured I must be slipping when he got up again."

It seemed an odd place to hold a trial, but what was the judge to do when the defense vigorously contended that his client's guilt or innocence could only be properly assessed at the scene of the alleged crime? So off they trooped—judge, jury, counsel, bailiff and all—to Sacramento's Pink Pussy Kat Tavern, where Go-Go Dancer **Susanne Haines**, charged with indecent exposure, performed eight numbers. For four of them, she wore Exhibit J, a pair of transparent red panties; in the remaining four, she wore only her gold sandals for the full topless-bottomless effect. Said Municipal Judge **Earl Warren Jr.**, 39, son of the retired Chief Justice: "The jury got a better look than we could have given them with oral testimony or by trying to re-create some of these things in the courtroom."



PRINCESS MARGARET
Victorian with a slant.

The juxtaposition was a bit unusual, but the effect was nonetheless smashing. The lady's hair was done up in a geisha girl's double bun and her eyes were shadowed to achieve a slight upward slant. The dress, on the other hand, was a frilly white lace affair with a high puffed collar and velvet ribbons—quite British and faintly Victorian. **Lord Snowden** took the photograph of his wife sitting in the tall grass of what appeared to be a country meadow (actually part of their Kensington Palace gardens in downtown London), and there was a certain amount of tongue-in-cheek involved. **Princess Margaret** would soon be off to Tokyo to open British Week, a promotion-exposition aimed at persuading the Japanese to buy £150 million worth of British goods next year.

At Monaco's annual Red Cross Gala last month, the remarkable **Josephine Baker**, 63, sang for the rich and titled of Riviera society. Most of the well-heeled guests at the charity affair knew the entertainer's depressing story of debts and eviction, an unpleasant irony that was not lost on **Prince Rainier** and **Princess Grace**. Since then the couple has contributed 10,000 francs toward a down payment on a new home for **Josephine** and her "fraternité universelle"—twelve adopted children of all races and nationalities. The St. Louis-born singer and her brood, after losing their château in the south of France, have now moved into a lovely white villa on the coast at Roquebrune-Cap-Martin. "This is the proof that one should never despair," said **Josephine**, adding that she will now work even harder to meet the rest of the payments on the \$100,000 house.



VICKI & TINY
Tear in the ukulele.

**Every 6 months for the next 3 years
American Motors
will introduce a new kind of car.**

This is our first.

The little



The little car you are looking at is the American Motors' Hornet.

It took over forty million dollars, three years, and one million man hours to get it to this page.

It is an entirely new car idea.

So new, in fact, that we created a multi-million dollar production assembly line from scratch just to produce it.

The Hornet is the first car in America designed to prove that the word *small* doesn't automatically stand for *cheap*.

For, although it is little, it is by no means humble.

It offers more unbridled luxury per square inch than any other car of its type.

Compare it with anything on display in any showroom in the country and you'll soon see what we mean.

The Hornet weighs one and a third tons. That is a lot of expensive weight to pack onto a little frame, but worth it for the extra stability and security that it gives you.

The Hornet is a full six feet wide, with a stance wide enough to handle like a sports car on a turn.

The Hornet rests on a one hundred and eight inch wheelbase. This longer wheelbase

helps smooth out bumps in the road and gives you a ride you would not believe in a car this size. Walk around the car from front to rear.

Notice that the Hornet has a solid aluminum grille.

Notice that the bumpers are not just stuck on, but are shaped to follow the contours of the car.

Notice that even the door handles are tucked away to give the car one smooth, pure line.

Open a door and listen for the reassuring *thunk* you get when you close it.

Look at the wheels. Electronically



rich car.



Hornet SST

balanced at the factory, they are a full fourteen inches in diameter and they cost more.

Open the hood. It is counter-balanced to stay open. You don't need a rod to hold it up.

Look at the engine. Standard six cylinder, one hundred twenty eight horsepower. A bigger base engine than any other car of its type.

Inspect the interior.

Scientifically designed contoured seat backs (very comfortable), retractable seat belts (more expensive), a glove box (we wouldn't mention this, but not every

little car has one).

Everything about the Hornet literally says rich just as it stands.

But there's more.

The Hornet offers luxury options that you just won't find on the average compact:

Power steering. Power brakes. Reclining seats. Custom upholstery. A 304 cubic inch V-8 engine. Vinyl roof. Air-conditioning.

You can add any or all of these, enjoy the comfort and convenience derived therefrom, and still get phenomenal gas mileage, easier maintenance, and the parking spots passed up by cars that are too big to fit.

How much will you have to pay for the privilege?

From \$1994¹ to \$3589²—or anywhere in between.

Depending on how rich you want to get.



American Motors' Hornet

\$1,994¹ to \$3,589²

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2. Based on manufacturer's suggested retail price for Hornet SST 4 Door sedan (\$3634 in California) including: 304 V-8 auto trans., power brakes and steering, air conditioning, push button radio, vinyl roof, tinted glass, D 70 red line tires, twin grip differential, handling package, decor, visibility, insulation and light groups, side scuff molding, sports steering wheel, bumper guards, 70 amp battery. Federal taxes included. State and local taxes, if any, destination charges excluded.



“Say who? And be what?”

Say Seagram's. And be Sure.

Amazing thing about Seagram's 7 Crown:
People who know all about whiskey like it.
And people who just know what
they like, like it.

They've simply learned that
no matter how they explain it,
“taste, uniformity, reputation,
acceptance, quality”—one name
means it all.

Just say—you know who.
And be Sure.



Seagram Distillers Company New York City. Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

UNIVERSITIES

Reforms in Governance

In the wake of student unrest, a key issue on U.S. campuses this fall is how the universities can achieve more effective democratic "governance." Last week two of the nation's leading universities announced plans for reform.

► At Harvard, on the recommendation of the Board of Overseers, President Nathan Pusey established a new 35-member Committee on Governance that will include eleven students and 18 faculty members. Asserting that it was essential to re-establish "the high sense of mutual trust and confidence that formerly prevailed at Harvard," the overseers charged the reform panel with the responsibility of re-examining the university's decision-making process, which presently rests in a vague, tradition-bound combination of administrators, faculty and trustees—but no students. Among the alternatives proposed by the overseers for consideration: a new university body composed of students as well as faculty to work with the trustees.

► At Stanford, on the recommendation of a trustee committee headed by John W. Gardner, the board of trustees unanimously decided to seek broader viewpoints by filling two current vacancies in its ranks with faculty members from other universities. The trustees also approved a nine-man expansion of the 23-member board, including four Stanford graduates aged 35 or under, and agreed to give students and faculty voting membership on most trustee committees. If Stanford gains court approval for the required change in its founding grant, the first election of new board members will be held this year.

Antidote for Cynicism

In greeting hordes of freshmen this fall, most college presidents have dusted off the standard speech on the rights of dissenters v. the rights of the community. No such platitudes for Yale President Kingman Brewster Jr. In his welcoming address to Yale's 1,250 freshmen last week, the Ivy League's least beleaguered president faced up to the root causes of student unrest with candor and conviction.

As Brewster sees it, the key threat on campus today is cynicism—and understandably so. "It is hard not to be cynical when so much of politics seems dominated by string-pulling interest groups. The rare alignment of the lobbyist with the public interest seems more the exceptional coincidence than the rule. It is not easy to keep faith in Adam Smith's 'unseen hand' in an economy so largely dominated by conglomerate giants. With mass communications concentrated in a few hands, the ancient faith in the competition of ideas in the free marketplace seems like a hollow echo of a much simpler day.

"It is not easy to sustain the Amer-



BREWSTER ADDRESSING YALE FRESHMEN
Affirming five propositions.

ican ideal that success is primarily related to effort, when so many in the cities are excluded from effective political and economic power.

"Even for the privileged, the feeling of social claustrophobia is tightened by a system of conscription which makes the campus a draft haven and which distorts career choices in an effort to avoid service in a war nobody wants to fight. The deep misgivings about the war, compounded by the immorality of using an inequitable draft to fight it, generate a bitter skepticism of the values which motivate all established authority."

Brewster dramatized the point with an anecdote about "a student rebel friend" who, just before unleashing a torrent of rhetorical castigation, leaned over and whispered: "What I'm about to say isn't directed against you personally, Mr. Brewster; we know that you have to do and say the things you do because of your position." Recalled Brewster: "The sweetness of the charity did not offset the bitterness of the insult."

By contrast, the Yale president praised two idealists—New York Mayor John Lindsay and Yale Chaplain William Sloane Coffin—as alumni who have been "quite unabashed, wholly unashamed of their high purpose." He urged his audience to affirm five propositions that give the lie to the cynic: "We know that happiness is more than material well-being, that conscience is more than simple fear, that love is more than sex, that moral authority is more than political power, and that community is more than organization." As for himself, Brewster added, he will continue to draw on what is perhaps the most important capacity a college president can have: an abundant reservoir of wishful thinking.

Cracking the Cloisters

After decades of single-sex living and learning, many of the top private campuses of the East have formally surrendered to coeducation. This fall Princeton has 151 girls, 101 of them freshmen and the rest transfer students from other colleges. Yale has accepted 588 women, including 230 freshmen. Vassar College boasts 91 new male undergraduates. Bennington College has taken in 33 men.

In addition, under the new Eleven-College Exchange Program, six Eastern men's colleges and five girls' colleges are swapping more than 200 students this year. While 59 girls attend Williams College, 28 Williams men have switched to the girls' schools. Smith has gained 28 men from Amherst, Dartmouth, Trinity, Wesleyan and Williams, but lost 73 of its regular students to men's colleges. A third of the Smithies are bound for Dartmouth, where they are being joined by 15 girls from Mount Holyoke, seven from Wheaton and three from Connecticut College.

To house its new coeds, Princeton has feminized Pyne Hall with curtains, washing machines and sewing machines; entry doors have been fitted with a lock and buzzer system. Smith's male students are quartered in two annexes to girl-occupied dorms. At Bennington, which last spring abolished all parietal restrictions, the men are living in coed campus houses.

Down with Hypocrisy. The last bastions of separate men's and women's education are crumbling because they can no longer find enough bright applicants willing to endure four years of monastic isolation. After Bennington announced that it was going coed, applications for this year's freshman class rose 56% over last year—despite the fact that the college's tuition had been hiked an average of \$475.

Most of the new coeds of both sexes share the sentiment of Al Gladstone, a senior -four from Trinity at Smith: "I came to get out of the weekend social life. I was fed up with the hypocrisy of that way of treating people." Academic reasons count too. Senior Roger Faix, for example, insists that he was lured away from Dartmouth by Smith's biology department. "I guess you could say I came to Smith to study hormones," he explains.

For some, the choice of campuses was a question of style. "I didn't really think that I was the Vassar type," says Wesleyan Junior Mark Merlis, an exchange student at Smith. He sees himself as "a male Julie Nixon" and thus feels that he will blend easily into the Smith ambience. For others, the choice reflected parental ambitions. Krisanne Warner, a dean's list student at Bucknell last year, reluctantly applied to Yale because her mother called it "the opportunity of the decade." Krisanne won admission to Yale—succeeding where both her father and brother had failed.

IMAGINE IF AMERICAN INDUSTRY THE AMERICAN OFFICE TURNS OUT



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The typewriter that eliminates jamming and lets you change type faces in seconds.



ENVIRONMENT

THE LAND

Cry, Vermont

You'll be amazed when you see Whitingham Farms for yourself with its lovely common greenery offering complete off-road privacy and rusticity to each homesteader. The community parks, beaches, recreational and shopping areas, and covered bridges are all designed for the epitome in private use and landscape protection.

—Promotional brochure

Right now, Whitingham Farms is merely a 2,096-acre tract of hilly countryside in Windham County in the extreme southeastern corner of Vermont. There is little to be amazed about—except the beauty of the area. The air is clean and fresh; the lakes and streams are full of trout and bass. A sharp-eyed visitor might glimpse deer flashing through the woods, or a fox, raccoon, bobcat or woodchuck. Man's hand has not yet transformed the landscape. Just three of a projected 1,735 houses have been built, and most of the promised amenities are visible only on the pages of the glossy brochure.

Unfortunately, the brochure epitomizes the unfolding fate of ungarded land in Vermont—and much of the U.S. as well. If Whitingham Developer Clifford Jarvis sells 300 lots, he will recoup his

initial investment of \$1.5 million. He has a lot to do—building those covered bridges, for example, and draining a pond now full of beaver ("We'll have to kill them"). When his work is finished, says Jarvis, "I personally have no intention of staying in Vermont."

Costly Dump. Many Vermonters would not mind seeing him—and about 100 other developers in Windham County—leave tomorrow. True, the real estate men have helped to create a broadened tax base and a lot of construction activity that will doubtless benefit the state's economy. But they have also trapped the county's towns of Stratton, Wilmington, Dover, Winhall and Guilford in a vicious cycle that might make a hardened Yankee farmer weep.

The cycle began with the increase in leisure time. Many of the vacationers, hunters and skiers who motored up new highways to Windham County decided to buy second homes. They, in turn, attracted developers, who quickly snapped up big parcels of land. So far, subdividers have built 4,216 vacation houses; by 1974 they plan to construct another 5,000. Naturally, land prices and property taxes have soared. In 1967, the owner of a 55-acre wood lot in Guilford paid \$24 in annual taxes; today he pays \$585. As a result, some residents can no longer afford to live in Windham County, and have put their

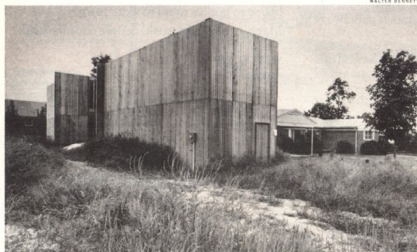
farms up for sale. As more developers buy them, the lovely open countryside becomes, in Vermont's Governor Deane C. Davis' words, "a man-made jungle."

Neighbor's Well. Who is to blame for the mess? First and most obvious targets are the developers. Most of them have never heard of even rudimentary site planning, except insofar as it means jamming as many houses as possible onto their tracts. Half-acre plots are not unusual. Another basic problem is sewage. Close beneath the new grass lawns is solid, impermeable bedrock. Instead of building expensive central sewage systems for their developments, the subdividers depend on much cheaper septic tanks for each house. Because the soil covering the bedrock is so shallow, the tanks overflow and wastes seep downhill, ending up in a neighbor's well, a stream or a lake. Vermont, alas, has few laws governing what developers can and cannot do.

Windham County's towns have also contributed to their own despoliation. Fiercely proud of their long Yankee tradition of personal freedom, none of them enacted stiff zoning, planning, or ecological restrictions to impose even a semblance of order on development. Without such laws, the towns have been pushovers for the developers, who blithely burden local residents with the expense of increased road maintenance, garbage disposal, schools, police and fire protection. So taxes rise, and the vicious cycle is repeated.

Big Money. Local residents now burn with fervor against developers. Even though Windham County has an alert regional-planning commission, the people have been curiously feckless in protecting their environment. One reason is that the developers seem to have hired most of the lawyers in the county, so that towns are hard-pressed to find legal help. Too, big money seems invulnerable. After the Dover planning and zoning boards spent a year carefully drawing up 28 amendments to the town's minimal zoning ordinances, only ten passed. Why? Says one citizen: "At least 75% of the people at the town meeting were representatives of the biggest developer in Dover. The selectmen felt they didn't have a chance."

Help is on the way. Spurred by two of Windham County's planning commissioners, Jack Veller and William H. Schmidt, Governor Davis last June became concerned about uncontrolled development. He has already established an environmental commission and an advisory team to tell him what can be done. In July, the Governor personally appealed to the president of International Paper Co. to stop an ill-planned development on some of its 23,000 acres in Stratton, I.P. embarrassedly complied. Most important, the Governor will ask the state legislature in January to enact a series of laws designed to halt disorderly development. Only if Vermont acts fast, he said in a recent speech, can it retain "the choice of controlling its own environmental fate."



From Dream to Nightmare

FIVE months ago, a young architect named Brockhurst C. Eustice began building his own \$55,000 "dream house" in Arlington, Va. Almost finished now, it consists of two neatly proportioned, two-story cubes connected by a one-story corridor. The face it presents to the outside world is almost blank—just plain plywood panels with a cedar veneer. Eustice is obviously a private man with very little interest in his neighbors.

Sadly, the feeling is not mutual. Calling the house "weirdo," the neighbors sued on the ground that Eustice's dream was "inharmoonious" with their own ranch-style and crypto-colonial homes. Citing a local covenant that governs residential design, they won the case. Last week Circuit Court Judge Charles S. Russell gave the architect 90 days to tear down the house or haul it away. Eustice will appeal the decision.

Dodge



Monaco may be America's second roomiest car... but it's very quiet about it.

Modesty is a Monaco trait. Even to its price. But in size and luxury, it has to be classed up there with cars costing much more. Case in point: Torsion-Quiet Ride. A unique suspension system that insulates against road shock and engine noise. We simply took the engine, torsion bars, and steering gear and mounted them on a massive frame. Then we isolated them from the Unibody with special rubber

mounts. Result? A new concept in silence. And with Monaco's wide rear stance which puts more car between the wheels, you get greater stability and handling ease. Another luxury-car trait—sleek styling that's all new. Long hood . . . taut deck. And lavish interiors accented with simulated walnut. With the roominess you expect in a luxury car. 1970 Dodge Monaco. Come take a drive.



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If people saw a marriage counselor before they got married, there might be fewer divorces.

That's not a bad idea for corporations that are merger-minded, either.

Consider: of the 16,000 mergers since World War II, nearly a third have been fiscal fiascos.

Why? The companies involved never really took a good look at themselves, let alone their intended.

They never really had an organized plan to follow, but rather ran helter-skelter into what they thought was opportunity.

If you're thinking merger, the chances are

Irving Trust can help you keep on the long-lasting and happy side of the statistical picture.

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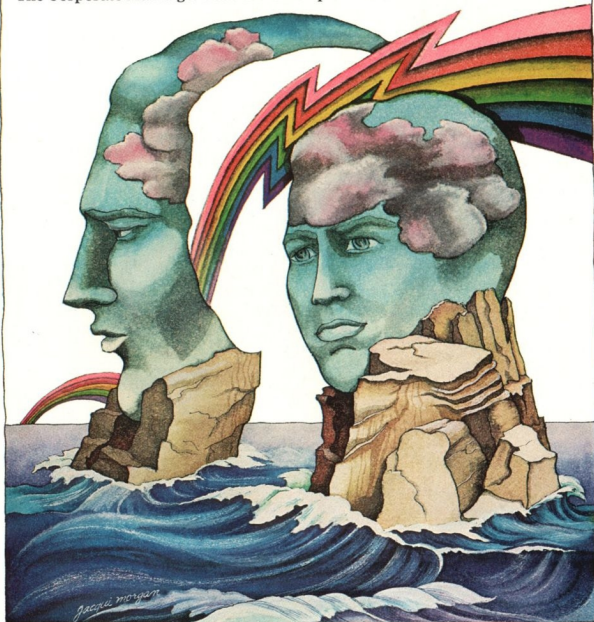
We help them in drawing up an effective acquisition program.

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MUSIC

OPERA

Thundering Silence at the Met

Deep shadows had fallen where angels and sponsors used to tread. The Metropolitan Opera's 1,100 doors were shut tight. The stage lights (total power: 6,000,000 watts) peered purlindly down on bare boards. In the pit a dirty dust rag lay limply on the conductor's stand, in place of a score.

The source of the gloom was not new. In the past eight years, labor disputes have four times brought the Met to the brink of disaster. In 1961 its opening was ensured at the last moment

while contracts are being negotiated.

The most crucial dispute is with the members of the orchestra. Last year they were paid a minimum of \$14,000 for 44 weeks of work and four weeks of vacation. Initially, they demanded half again as much by the third year of the new contract, but have since come down to a demand for \$20,000. Bing's offer has been and is a three-year package that amounts to a 24% increase—or \$17,370. "We are entitled to make as much as, if not more than plumbers,"* the legal spokesman, Herman Gray, asserts. "The community has no right to expect the artists to support the

available, some are obviously itching to drift away and perform elsewhere. As one of them observed ominously, "A singer must sing."

Hand to Mouth. Bing's aim, quite properly, is to save as much of the season as possible. He may succeed through a combination of Government mediation and a short-term agreement (18 months probably) that appears to be in the works. But the significance of the present confrontation goes far beyond local and temporary issues, claims of bad faith, and debates about whether the Met or its employees are really telling the truth about money. The Met's woes are linked to a nationwide crisis in funding for the arts, and the losing struggle of locally and privately supported institutions to survive the galloping inflation of the age. Just to stay afloat last year, the Met needed more than \$17 million, of which around \$13 million was raised mainly by tickets, subscriptions and rental fees. More than \$4 million came from solicited gifts and contributions. This year, even if the unions settle for Bing's proposals, the Met will need \$2,000,000 extra. "The sums we are raising now by just begging," Bing said last week, "are astronomical. We cannot go on living from hand to mouth as the Met has done for more than 80 years." What must come, clearly, is something which Bing has long been in favor of—government subsidies (federal, state and city) for the Met.

State support, which is unlikely to be easily agreed upon, would bring many changes at the Met, including a shift in the composition of the Met's board of directors—to include more people from the world of music. It might also affect Bing's autocratic methods which, if they have contributed to his labor problems, have also helped raise the Met to its current eminence. Yet for all its inherent risk, subsidy would be preferable to the present situation. A year's silence at the Met is almost unthinkable. A Met closed for good would be a cultural calamity.

RECORDINGS

And Now, Quadrasonic

Oh no, not again! The hi-fi industry, which periodically brings out new devices to make music listeners dissatisfied, is about to unwrap another surprise. After spending twelve years convincing the record-buying public that two ears are better than one, high-fidelity manufacturers have now embarked on a drive to prove that four ears are twice as good—at least. Their excuse: quadrasonic sound, pioneered by Acoustic Research, a leading maker of hi-fi equipment. Audio enthusiasts have been jamming themselves into demonstration rooms in New York's Grand Central Station to hear the astonishingly lifelike effect created by four amplifiers, four loudspeakers and a four-track, four-channel tape recorder.

Four-channel stereo at first suggests mainly gimmicky possibilities—tap

* Some New York plumbers earn more than \$15,000 a year, but most do not.



ORCHESTRA & CHORUS PROTESTING AT LINCOLN CENTER

The real issue is life or death.

deus ex machina (when President Kennedy intervened). But this time, New Yorkers were realizing with shock, there might be no opening at all. Worried, tired and gaunt, Met General Manager Rudolf Bing told TIME, "We don't know where to go. It is now a matter of life and death."

Saber Rattling. On the surface it had all looked like part of a familiar cycle—labor v. management saber rattling over money, hours, work conditions—all capable of rational settlement. But the talks between the Met and eleven unions were hampered by past rancors and lack of trust. Bombay-born Zubin Mehta, music director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic and a regular conductor at the Met, last week scornfully characterized the negotiations as an "Oriental-bazaar style of bargaining." Bing speaks openly of the "sheer demagoguery" of his adversaries, and is furious that they don't take pity on the Met's general economic plight. They, in turn, blame management for locking them out of summer rehearsals and blocking their claims for unemployment benefits

Met. It should pay adequate salaries or go out of business." In the view of many New Yorkers, Met salaries are not exactly inadequate. Met musicians make less than the \$15,000 minimum paid players at the New York Philharmonic—though Bing's offered increase would at least put their pay in line with that.

For a city that only three years ago saw a rancorous strike senselessly deprive thousands of printers and journalists of jobs, and New York of a great newspaper, talk of the Met's going out of business was chilling indeed. Considerable damage has already been done. Two promising revivals—Puccini's *Fanciulla del West* and Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin*—have already been lost even if the Met opens, as it still conceivably could, in a month. Herbert von Karajan's new *Siegfried*, which must be done in November or not at all, seems likely to be scratched too. Though a handful of the Met's leading stars are still being paid full fees to keep them

Blankets smoothed. Lights out. Foreheads kissed. Story book closed. And they live happily ever after—at your house.

But across town, or down the road, or maybe even next door, when the lights go out, mommy or daddy—or an “uncle”, a “friend”—starts beating the hell out of a child. Or dunking him in scalding water. Or just neatly starving him to death.

The biggest single cause of death among children in the United States is an insidious disease called child abuse.

Some of the weapons used: straps, electric cords, TV aerials, rubber hoses. One of the tougher parents used a sculling oar. Some imaginative mothers make a hot



learning session out of holding little hands in the gas flames of the stove. Other torture methods include everything from cigarettes to hot pokers. Just name it; it's being done. Children are stabbed, strangled, bitten, suffocated, given electric shocks, heaved against solid brick walls, drowned in bathtubs. And one child was reported to have been buried alive.

It's only a guess how many others have seen their graves from the inside.

We hope you're disgusted with all of this. Because if you're not, you're contributing to the battering and starving of over 10,000 children every year. You're allowing hundreds to die per year—one or two every day. In 1968 in New York State alone, 987 child abuse cases were recorded (add sex crimes and the figures zoom higher). Those were only the ones reported.

It's imperative that every case of child abuse is known about. And told about. And that the maiming and the slaughter are stopped now.

We'd like to see even one more child live through the night.

Mommy got mad at me. She said
"i could break your neck."

Our facts and figures sound like a horror novel. Unfortunately, they're documented cases provided by Dr. Vincent J. Fontana, Director of Pediatrics, St. Vincent's Hospital and Medical Center of the City of New York, and New York Foundling Hospital. They are some of the reasons why he is furious enough to give this nightmare more time than he can afford.

The model, happily, has never been in the condition in which we posed her. We had to use a model instead of a real case for two reasons. First, Dr. Fontana's actual photographs would very possibly make you sick. And, child-wreckers prefer to keep their handiwork secret.

Dr. Fontana has some allies in a group of New York City business people who are concerned enough to be fighting mad. We haven't yet officially organized our group, but we want to. And we want to call it



CHILD because Children Have Important Living to Do.

CHILD'S job, as we see it, will be to take over in several important directions other organizations don't have time to cover. 1. To foster research—starting with still unanswered questions as basic as what kind of parents beat kids and what kind of kids most often get beaten. 2. To set up units to provide more concerned care for battered children. 3. To interest, employ and train more nurses, doctors and social workers in the specific field of child abuse cases—and to establish fellowships to help. (We especially need more of the sort of social workers who choose to work in underprivileged areas where watching-over is desperately needed.)

And 4. To get a vital message across to the kind of people who'd "like to do something, but after all it would be interfering with someone else's home life." The message: report anything that remotely looks like child abuse; immunity is now extended to anyone who reports suspect situations. If there is no fault, no one will be disturbed. If there is a fault, a child's cry will no longer go unheard.

If you, too, are fighting mad about this whole mess, we'd like to hear from you. Just tell us you're interested, that's all. Enough letters, and we can do something about getting this thing going now.

Or, if you have a better idea—one that will be even harder on child-batters, let us know. We don't want to own an idea. We just want to make this one as powerful as possible. So that when the lights go out, we'll all sleep better.

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dancers banging their way across the living room and out into the kitchen; Valkyries swooping about the house like big-bosomed mosquitoes. Yet it has serious potential in recording. Certain kinds of music can be adequately heard no other way: the Berlioz *Requiem*, for instance, with its four brass bands in opposite corners, or the antiphonal music of Gabrieli.

Four-channel sound, soon to be available only on prerecorded tape (and only from Vanguard Records) has rich though agonizing implications for the record industry. For years, enthusiasts have predicted that tape would replace records, pointing out that it wears longer and is almost impossible to scratch. Its major flaw—tape hiss—has finally been alleviated with the improvement of tape materials. The cartridge and cassette business is booming. Some seem now predict that the wonders of quadrisonic sound will provide a final push for tape against disks.

Rescue Ahead. Maybe. On the other hand, disks have been around since 1887, and music lovers are fondly accustomed to the pleasurable shape and feel of platter recordings. Besides, record companies have a heavy investment in disk recordings. But to go on gratifying the old record-buying public, manufacturers will probably have to come up with something that does not yet exist—a practical, marketable disk offering four-channel sound of quadrisonic tape. The technical problem—essentially how to squeeze four channels into one groove and then play them off again with high fidelity—has long seemed insoluble. Last week, however, a man came forward who seems to have solved the puzzle. He is not an engineer but a bassoonist named Peter Scheiber who lives in Rochester, N.Y. He uses a coding system to compress four sound channels into two, overlays them on tracks in either disk or tape, and then retrieves them again.

At a demonstration arranged for TIME's music editors and a panel of scientific experts, Scheiber and his partner Tom Mowry played music ranging from Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake* to rock and electronic music specially composed for the four-channel medium. The sound quality proved remarkably high, though not as high as equivalent tapes.

Scheiber's process is new and virtually untested. But it does have one great commercial virtue—compatibility with existing hi-fi systems—for it requires only an "encoder" at the recording studio and a "decoder" in the home of the listener (in addition to the extra amplifiers and speakers). Yet whether the Scheiber system or something like it will really end by saving old-fashioned platter records from the tape revolution depends on the public. No one knows how record collectors will face up to the trouble and cost of replacing their favorite old recordings with new ones—either on tape or disk—in quadrisonic.

MILESTONES

Died. Giovanni Cardinal Urbani, 69, Roman Catholic patriarch of Venice, who in the 1963 papal election was a strong candidate to succeed John XXIII; of a heart attack; in Venice. Urbani, a moderate-conservative, took a middle position on many of the issues dividing the College of Cardinals, and his greatest attribute as a *papabile* was that he offended fewest of the church's factions. In the final balloting, the vote went to a progressive, Giovanni Battista Cardinal Montini, who now reigns as Paul VI.

Died. Rex Ingram, 73, veteran black actor, whose resonant voice and commanding figure graced dozens of plays (*The Emperor Jones*, *Cabin in the Sky*, *Porgy*) and Hollywood films, most notably when he played De Lawd in 1936's *The Green Pastures*; of a heart attack; in Hollywood.

Died. Seymour Weiss, 73, a grand vizier of Louisiana Kingfish Huey Long's political empire; of a heart attack; in Baton Rouge. A onetime New Orleans barbershop manager, Weiss was the man to see about practically everything once his friend Long became Governor in 1928; he laddled out patronage, determined how party funds would be spent—or mispent—and served as Long's most trusted adviser. So entrenched did Weiss become that he remained a power after Long's 1935 assassination—until 1940, when he was finally put behind bars for mail fraud.

Died. Fairfield Osborn, 82, crusading conservationist and from 1940 to 1968 president of the New York Zoological Society; in Manhattan. A wildlife enthusiast with a flair for showmanship—he once attended luncheon with a skunk, a chimpanzee and a ring-tailed lemur in tow—Osborn was among the earliest campaigners against wanton killing of animals, pollution and the many ways that man has of hurting his environment, and in two highly popular books, *Our Plundered Planet* (1948) and *The Limits of the Earth* (1953), he examined the need for swift, strict environmental control. "Are we not," he once asked, "running such a busy race for food, space and employment for even greater numbers that we are forgetting the purpose of it all—a better living for human beings?"

Died. The Most Rev. Bernard Sheil, 83, Roman Catholic crusader for social and civil rights (see RELIGION).

Died. Robert Greenlease, 87, central figure in one of recent history's most spectacular kidnappings, who in 1953 paid \$600,000 ransom for the return of his young son Bobby, only to learn that he had been brutally murdered before the ransom was delivered; of pneumonia; in Mission Hills, Kans.

MODERN LIVING

FASHION

Their New Bag

The only men who used to carry handbags were medieval couriers, New Guinea natives, mailmen, doctors, photographers and Truman Capote. These days, with trousers slim and pocketless and Edwardian jackets cut to hold no more than the wearer, men are finding it

model (\$125). Gucci, credited with starting the fad two years ago in Italy, shows two shoulder models in leather and canvas (Actor Marcello Mastroianni wears his with matching pants), along with the favorite clutch bag, a steal at \$69. Furrier Jacques Kaplan has a dressier number, in fur with outside pockets, for \$150. Paris Couturier Givenchy, in the U.S. last week, promised that



HUGH MASAKELA



TRUMAN CAPOTE



RUDI GERNREICH

The Way Out is jammed with men on their way In.

ever more difficult to make room for even a credit card. Billfolds, eyeglasses and loose change? Forget them. Unless, of course, a fellow could get away with carrying a handbag.

He not only can, but is. Some men, of course, are old hands with a bag: Designer Rudi Gernreich has a complete wardrobe of them. Others, like Sammy Davis Jr., Jazz Trumpeter Hugh Masakela, Actors Jim Brown and Elliott Gould, Manhattan Publisher Jerry Mason and a host of lesser-known straight men, are busily following suit. Hippies have long favored the style, and members of a Houston contingent not only wear them but do a thriving business making and selling their brown suede "stash bags" for from \$3 to \$5. Industrial Designer Darrell Howe likes the fashion so much he is designing a shoulder bag to be used by his Los Angeles staff, but he admits that he left his own at home on a trip last week to Dallas. "There are certain areas where you can move with a shoulder bag," says Howe, "and other areas where you would be eaten alive."

Shoulder Models. Generally, U.S. sales of handbags for men are limited to stores on both the coasts. In California, both I. Magnin's and Saks Fifth Avenue offer a variety of styles, ranging from a heavy vinyl satchel (\$17.50) to Vuitton's convertible shoulder-strap

his designs next year will include a purse for men. But in Italy, no one is waiting around. Shops in Rome have been doing a snappy business in men's bags for almost a year now.

Do bags have social significance? Los Angeles Psychiatrist Jerome Jacobi sees the trend toward handbags for men as good and healthy. "It could indicate," he explains, "the disintegration of the more superficial aspects of role differentiation." One may wonder why that is healthy. Clinical Psychologist Leonard Olinger regards the fad as "an over-reaction that tends to deny the real differences between the sexes, just as in the past we have been forced to be terribly different when there isn't that much difference. The truth lies somewhere in between."

Toothbrush Holder. Truman Capote couldn't care less. He has carried a handbag for years. "I don't see how people get along without some sort of little satchel," he says. "Mine's really a medical bag," he explains. "When people ask me what's in it I say I'm a pusher." What does he carry in it, then? "I keep my money in it. And a book, in case I have to wait for someone. And the papers I'm working on. And four or five pairs of glasses. And a toothbrush and toothpaste, because you never know where you might spend the night."

TRAVEL

The Bunny Club Airline

The people who brought you the Beatles, miniskirts, Tom Jones, cashmere sweaters and Robin Hood want to invite you to get to know some of us better.

—BOAC commercial on U.S. radio stations last week.

Better, indeed. In half a dozen American cities this month, British Overseas Airways Corp. began promoting a \$350 round-trip air excursion to England that included more than the usual palace-to-pub tour. BOAC's 13-day "The Beautiful Singles of London" tour offered Yankee tourists the added incentive of meeting three "scientifically chosen" British dates at airline-organized cocktail parties. There was even more in store for those who signed up.

After "two free drinks at each party," the tourists and their dates were offered dinner for two at proper Simpson's-in-the-Strand, temporary membership and gambling privileges at the Victoria Sporting Club, a pair of tickets to a West End musical or play, and free admission to eleven dizzy discothèques and five dance halls. Ticket holders would also be entitled to hotel reservations, private bath and "full English breakfast," though it was not promised that the "scientifically chosen" date would share those. Surprisingly enough, the seemingly irresistible BOAC tour did not get off the ground.

The failure was hardly the fault of BOAC's U.S. marketing manager Eric Englewood, 49, a happily married father of two who conceived the idea. His strategy was simple. By tapping the lucrative American singles market, capitalizing on the now well-established computer dating craze in the U.S., and

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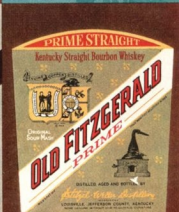
BOAC's Tour for the Footloose and Fancy-Free!



BOAC TOUR FOLDER
Visions of lusty servitude.



People who
drink
Old Fitz
Prime
don't know
any better.



At 86.8 proof, its unvarying, mellow flavor is the perfect complement to fine company and fine conversation.

Serve it on-the-rocks, mixed or as a congenial after-dinner drink.

Mellow Old Fitz Prime—never aged less than 7 years.

It's the most expensively made Bourbon in Kentucky, and probably in the world.



OLD FITZGERALD 86.8 PRIME

NEVER AGED LESS THAN 7 YEARS.

STITZEL-WELLER - AMERICA'S OLDEST FAMILY DISTILLERY
ESTAB. LOUISVILLE, KY., 1849
86.8 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON.





Introducing automobiles

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

From Buick 1970. The GS. The GS455. The Skylark Sport Coupes.

They're what you've been asking for, right?

Automobiles to really light your fire.

Sweeping, sporty lines. And plenty of performance.

The GS455 (on the right), equipped with the Stage I performance package, has a big 455 cubic-inch 360 horsepower engine with a high-lift cam and a four barrel carburetor which breathes through real air-scoops to increase performance.

Four on the floor or a three-speed automatic transmission are available. It's up to you.

The Skylark Custom Sport Coupe (on the left) looks sporty, is sporty.

Bucket seats are available. And an instrument panel a spaceship would be proud of.



to light your fire.

Plus wide-tread fiberglass belted tires. That means more traction and longer wear. Altogether lots of features to excite you.

But maybe it's the name Buick, with all the goodness and confidence that goes with the name, that lights your fire.

Whatever it is, the Gran Sports and Skylark Sport Coupes from Buick have it.

See the 1970 Buick Light Your Fire Cars.

And light your fire.



Now, wouldn't you really rather have a

1970 Buick.

One day we lift a log. The next day we shave a face.



We're synergistic. Our Vickers Hydraulic engineers provide the hydraulic transmissions and controls for giant haulers that speed hundreds of trees from lumber farms to saw mills each day.

And every morning millions of our Remington Electric Shavers are shaving as close as a barber without irritating one thin-skinned customer.

We do a lot of things at Sperry Rand. And we do each one better because we do all the rest.

 **SPERRY RAND™**
Wait till you see
what we do tomorrow.

New Holland • Remington • Remington Rand • Sperry • Univac • Vickers

Registered trademarks of Sperry Rand.

RELIGION

wrapping it all up into a package tour of a foreign country where the girls all speak English, BOAC could earn a bigger slice of the transatlantic air trade it has to share with American carriers.

BOAC talked a New York agency, Arthur Frommer's \$5-a-Day Tours, into handling the bookings, and scheduled the first flight for Nov. 1. Launching their advertising campaign, BOAC officials sat back to watch Britain's balance of payments deficit turn into a surplus. "We hope," a spokesman said, "that the accent is on entertainment rather than sex."

Actually, the accent was on criticism—most of it from members of Parliament, who have a proprietary interest in government-supported BOAC. "A bunny club airline," groused Peter Bessell, a Liberal from Cornwall. "BOAC says such a project will earn dollars for Britain, but some might argue that prostitution does the same thing." Kenneth Lewis, a Conservative from Rutland and Stamford, threatened to take the matter before the House of Commons and treat it as an affront to British maidenhood. "A British girl," he thundered, "is perfectly capable of making her own dates—and so are American men." *The Sunday Times* chided: "There are visions of the flower of English womanhood being sold into lusty American servitude for the benefit of our sordid balance of payments. Poor old BOAC cannot win." Nonetheless, the airline fought on. "We're only offering them dates," spokesmen insisted, "not promising marriage."

Leading Questions. The worst was yet to come. A London scandal sheet reported that the firm tentatively contacted—but not actually hired—to do the "scientific" matching was a fly-by-night, husband-wife outfit operating out of a one-room office next to a fish-and-chips shop, apparently without even the benefit of a computer. The firm's "managing director" offered samples of questionnaires he had used in previous matchmaking schemes. Typical inquiries included: "Do you consider yourself sexy?" "Do you consider sex important?" "Have you a very strong sexual urge?" "Are you against pre-marital relationships?" "Is your physical shape good?" (Not to be confused with, "Are you in good health?"). The reason for such leading questions, he explained to a reporter, was "to separate the dolly birds from the school ma'ams."

The answers were apparently quite revealing. "We've got a lot of swinging dollys on our books who'll be only too delighted to welcome the Americans with open arms," boasted the managing director. Unwisely, as it turned out.

Completely undone by the unexpected publicity, BOAC last week abruptly canceled the controversial flights. It was all just as well. Despite attractive advertising, only two Americans had signed on to swing with the beautiful people in London, the airline admitted, and both of them were women.

ROMAN CATHOLICS Winning the Kingdom of God

Not content to be a political kingmaker, Franklin D. Roosevelt fancied himself a prince-of-the-church maker as well. He lobbied successfully for Francis Spellman's appointment as archbishop of New York, and in 1939, when Chicago's George William Cardinal Mundelein died, F.D.R. had his hand-picked candidate for the nation's largest archdiocese. This time he failed. Chicago Auxiliary Bishop Bernard James Sheil, the Roosevelt choice, was bypassed because he had irritated too many others inside and outside the church. Last week, after Sheil's death at 83 of heart disease, friends attending his funeral fondly recalled the cause of that irritation: for half a century, particularly in the field of social justice, Bernard Sheil was a priest 25 years ahead of his church.

Born in a mixed black-white, Catholic-Jewish, Irish-Polish neighborhood on Chicago's West Side, Sheil was lace-curtain Irish. His grandfather had been an alderman, his father was Democratic leader of the 14th Ward. Entering St. Viator's College in Bourbonnais (a later pupil: Fulton J. Sheen), Sheil was ordained in 1910 and assigned to a middle-class parish. He caught Cardinal Mundelein's eye, however, and began to receive promising assignments. He served as chaplain at the Cook County jail, as an assistant at Holy Name Cathedral and was named chancellor of the archdiocese in 1923. A year later, on his first visit to Rome, he was received by Pius XI, and in 1928 he was consecrated bishop.

Youth and Workers. By then the feisty Sheil was already showing anti-establishment symptoms. Concerned about youth, too many of whom he had met in jail, he formed a club to keep them straight. The bishop's Catholic Youth Organization was not limited to Catholics—or to whites. Critics snickered at it as the "colored youth organization" and complained that it put too much stress on boxing tournaments. Retorted Sheil: "You can't inspire boys away from brothels and saloons with checkers tournaments."

In 1939, Sheil's predilections led him into alliance with John L. Lewis, whose CIO was attempting to organize the meat packers and increase their 39¢ hourly wage. Chicago's hog butchers bitterly resented hierarchical support for the workers. "I want you to remember, your excellency," a Catholic banker told Sheil as the bishop prepared to appear at a CIO meeting, "that the minute you step on that platform you lose your chance to become an archbishop." Sheil eyed the man disdainfully. "You should know," he replied, "that I wasn't ordained a priest to become an archbishop." With Sheil's blessings, the meat

packers held out successfully for a 17¢ hourly raise and won recognition for the union.

The Shell Game. Through the years, Sheil's views were often antithetical to those of his church: he opposed, for instance, the Franco regime in Spain. He was among the first to assail the Sunday afternoon fulminations of Radio Priest Charles Coughlin at home. He adopted as his own the words of French Cardinal Jules Saliege: "The Kingdom of God is not of this world, but it is in this world that it is won."

The last great controversy about the bishop occurred in 1954 when he used a United Autoworkers meeting to bombard Senator Joseph McCarthy's brand



SHEIL DENOUNCING COUGHLIN IN 1938
Out of step and ahead of time.

of anti-Communism. "You cannot effectively fight tyranny with tyranny," said Sheil. "We have been victims of a kind of shell game. We have been treated like country rubes to be taken in by a city slicker from Appleton." Sheil was attacked in turn by McCarthy supporters. "Judas Iscariot Sheil" became their favorite name for him.

Since that time, Sheil has been in the news only rarely. In 1959, Pope John, in a gracious salute to a fellow renegade, elevated Sheil to archbishop; it was a personal honor because Sheil did not head an archdiocese. In 1966, his newest superior, Archbishop John P. Cody, persuaded him to retire along with other septuagenarian pastors. After 31 years as pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Sheil went unhappily off to Tucson to spend his last years in unaccustomed inactivity under the hot Arizona sun. His body was returned to St. Andrew's last week, where, old enemies forgotten, friends and foes of other days packed the church for his requiem Mass.

The horse is most 19



better than 70 cars.

We are not joking. The run-of-the-mill 1970 car is an affront to progress.

It's too expensive to buy. And too expensive to run. It's almost impossible to park, and maneuvering it through city traffic would try the nerves of a saint.

You'd be better off with a horse.

Which is sure-footed, inexpensive, maneuverable and it eats hay. Nice, cheap, hay.

We, at Renault, are one of the few automakers to make a car that's better than the horse.

The Renault 10.

Since it gets 35 miles to the gallon, it is cheap to run.

And since it has independent suspension and disc brakes, it is sure-footed and easy to stop.

And since it is maneuverable, it is easy to park.

And since it costs \$1,725, it is easy to buy.

And it is also more comfortable than the horse.

RENAULT 



THE THEATER

The Year Ahead: Hope Tempered by Reason

ON or off Broadway, September is always the month that most nearly resembles Dr. Johnson's definition of a second marriage—"the triumph of hope over experience."

For the ordinary theatergoer, the new season brings the hope of reliving some enchanted theatrical evening of the past. For the actor, the new season holds out the hope of a breakthrough to fame—after which he tends to abandon the theater like a Brando or a Burton. The producer nourishes the hope of a croupier to rake in the chips. The backer, that garishly garbed seraph who roots for his cash on opening night with cacophonous enthusiasm, hopes for some sort of glittering new social credential and the consolation prize of a virtually guaranteed tax loss. The critic approaches the new season like an Israelite at the edge of the Red Sea—perhaps the surging waters of mediocrity will part.

In the season that is starting, hope must be tempered with reason. At the present time the U.S. theater is in a drastic dual crisis. The obvious one is money. In 1956, *My Fair Lady* was put on for \$400,000; last May *Dear World* lost its backers upwards of \$750,000. The theater's angels, who customarily take their temperatures with a Dow-Jones thermometer, feel distinctly chilly after a sustained stock-market decline. The result is that while 33 new plays and 45 musicals have been announced for the season, only seven plays and four musicals are definitely scheduled to open between now and Jan. 1. Indeed, this may be the year of permanent transition to heavy off-Broadway production, which rose from 37 new plays and musicals in 1966-67 to 80 this past year.

A less tangible but far more profound crisis is the lack of a commanding dramatist with a compelling vision.

Half of today's plays seem to be written in some dusty attic of the past and the other half in some apocalyptic junkyard of the future. The shock fads of homosexual, lesbian and sado-masochistic themes, the vogue of nudity and participatory theater may well continue, but they cannot mask the lack of substance. They are frames without pic-



"COCO'S" HEPBURN

tures, devices without a purposeful direction. This is a theater that is severely pinched for both means and ends, but at least it has a hope chest to peek into labeled Anticipatory Theater.

On Broadway

The first rule of Anticipatory Theater is not to look for hits and masterpieces, but for what might whet somebody's appetite or stir up a little talk. After all, *Oh! Calcutta!* has done more for the cocktail party than for the stage. Clothes will be the talk of the season as far as *Coco* is concerned. This musical, based on the life of famed 86-year-old Fashion Designer Coco Chanel, brings Katharine Hepburn back to the Broadway after a lapse of 17 years. *Haute couture* will be served with 253 costume changes, and the approaching theater-party ladies can be heard with the clarity of an elephant stampede.

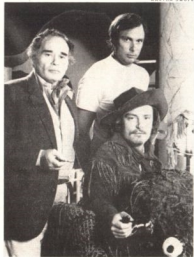
Another musical, *Jimmy*, profiles the last really Fun Mayor of Fun City, Jimmy Walker. Broadway's unceasing penchant for self-celebration will provide a whole clutch of musicals, among them *Hocus-Pocus* (Harry Houdini) and *W.C.* (Fields could have thought of a better title). *The Girls Upstairs* is a tale of Ziegfeld Girls who have passed their prime, and *Shubert Alley* is about the three brothers who gave Broadway some of its more pungent history.

Under such categories as "Loosely Based On" and "Freely Adapted From,"

Broadway goes on musically robbing Peter to pay Paul. *Alice* will take Lewis Carroll's little girl on a drug trip. *Cherry* sets William Inge's *Bus Stop* to music, and *Yellow Drum*, based on Truman Capote's *The Grass Harp*, reiterates Broadway's faith that a weak play sounds better set to music. Robert Shaw will star in the hymnbook version of *Elmer Gantry*, Sinclair Lewis' novel about a corrupt evangelist. Fellini's film *La Strada* is being unspooled, as is *All About Eve* (stage title: *Applause, Applause!*), starring Lauren Bacall as Adam's fetching rib.

Among the serious plays, Arthur Kopit's *Indians* traces the indignities, betrayals and expropriation of the red man by the white man, with Stacey Keach playing a not quite credible liberal Buffalo Bill. John Osborne has delved into spy lore of the early 20th century for his *A Patriot for Me*; his hero, played by Maximilian Schell, is a homosexual secret-service officer in the Austro-Hungarian Army who is blackmailed into spying for the Russians. The "drag ball" scene that opens the second act has been a titillating conversation piece ever since the play premiered in London in 1965. *Murderous Angels* probes the motives and characters of Patrice Lumumba and Dag Hammarskjöld as seen by Conor Cruise O'Brien, who was himself in the Congo as head of U.N. operations in Katanga.

In a trend toward revivals, *The Front Page* is reopening this fall and will be joined by *Harvey* (James Stewart) and *Our Town* (Henry Fonda). An all-American series at Lincoln Center's repertory theater includes *The Time of Your Life*, *Camino Real*, *Beggar on Horseback*, plus Sam Shepard's new play, *Operation Sidewinder*, a wild satire of the contemporary U.S. scene, featuring an Air Force computer in the form of a sidewinder rattlesnake. Comedy is in short supply, but Mike Nichols is directing *The Memorandum*, a French farce about a determined bachelor and the girl who upsets his ordered life. Neil Simon's



"INDIANS" KOPIT (REAR) & KEACH (RIGHT)



"FORTUNE'S" MINEO



Where to find people who care about people

Industry's recruitment and training of the hard-core unemployed might be solely profit-motivated . . . if people were. But people aren't.

And people are the essence of any industry. In the automotive industry, for example, there are about one million people. They care a great deal about *other* people. And they bring their feeling to work.

Visit Detroit. You'll see people working very hard to achieve a high standard of living. But you'll also see the hard-core unemployed learning how to earn . . . and being paid in the process. And you'll see something else. Automakers care about an individual's security, his development, his problems.

To believe that profit is the only motive is to underestimate people. Look at all the white collars and blue collars active as volunteers in local and national welfare programs, in every kind of charitable fund drive, in church and PTA work, fraternal and service club projects, YMCA and YWCA, scouting, Headstart programs, Big Brothers, Little Leagues, and a great deal more.

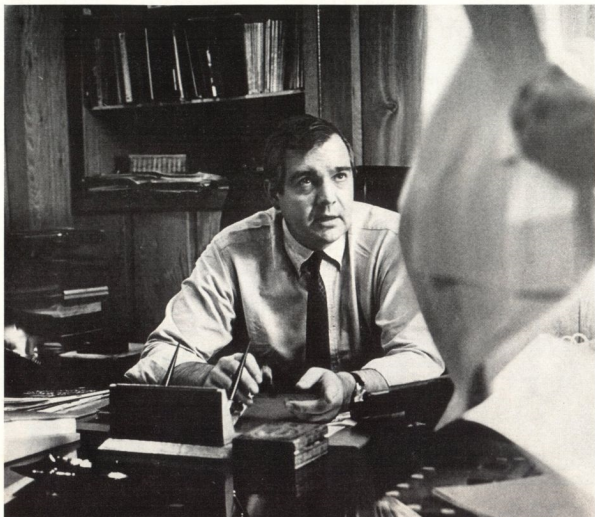
We know. Directly or indirectly, Republic Steel Corporation serves almost every American business and industry. The automakers are a good example. We create steels that help make automobiles evermore dependable, more resistant to corrosion and wear, more beautiful from every point of view.

Give the people in business and industry your support. They've been creating jobs in America for a long time. It takes more than good intentions. It takes economic means, imagination, and an abundance of people who care about people.

You Can Take the Pulse of Progress at
REPUBLIC STEEL

CLEVELAND, OHIO 44101





Profit-sharing investment results that'll keep him around

It takes more than a window office and three weeks' vacation to keep those restless, aggressive key people happy. It takes profit-sharing investment results that just won't quit. And Harris savvy gives them to you. Last year, for example, Harris-managed equity investments outperformed leading market indicators by an average of two to one.

Harris did it by streamlining investment procedures. Making them more flexible—individualized—ready to respond faster in today's market.

When you put Harris savvy to work, your company's plan is thoroughly evaluated. An individual investment policy tailored to accomplish specific objectives is recommended. Then, Harris' streamlined organization takes over. Significant investment decisions can be made

quickly, avoiding ponderous committee decisions. And today—it's action that gets results.

To get results that keep your key people happy—call Wendell Gooch, 312/461-2741 at the Harris.

HARRIS Trust and Savings **BANK** 
111 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois 60690



that's
Harris
savvy

The Last of the Red Hot Lovers brings three women into the life of a paunchy sea-food restaurateur (James Coco). After six hits in a row, the tantalizing question about Simon is: Can he ever write a flop?

Off Broadway

The season has already started off Broadway—but with more of a sputter than a spurt. *The Ofay Watcher* meanders through a black-white confrontation with moments of humor but no fresh insights. Years of sibling rivalry

MARTHA SWOPE



"PATRIOT'S" SCHELL (RIGHT)

and family dissonance are spewed up in an evening-long wrangle between a brother and a sister in *Hello and Good-bye* by South Africa's Athol Fugard. Unlike a good family fight, a bad one sounds dull, mean and petty, though Colleen Dewhurst as the whoring sister gives a performance that is etched in sulfuric acid.

Having made some sort of homosexual breakthrough with Mart Crowley's gentle tragicomedy *The Boys in the Band*, off Broadway promises to go farther with a revamped version of *Fortune and Men's Eyes*. This is an angry, violent foray into prison homosexuality, staged by Sal Mineo to include a naked onstage rape sequence. Nothing so nude or erotically minded as *Oh! Calcutta!* is presently scheduled.

A nation's theater never lives by money and talent alone. Zest, hard work, devotion and love must be present. One woman in New York epitomizes those qualities: Ellen Stewart, the indefatigable doyenne of off-off-Broadway's experimental Café La Mama. Out of La Mama have come Jean-Claude van Itallie (*America Hurrah!*), Tom O'Horgan, (director of *Futz and Hair*), Sam Shepard (the 27-year-old author of *Red Cross and Chicago*), Leonard Melfi (*Jack and Jill*) and a host of others. Ellen Stewart announces the evening's program by ringing a homely cowbell. As long as Ellen rings her cowbell, whatever the season brings, the theater is alive.

Three packs of Carlton have less "tar" than one pack of the newest "low tar" cigarette.



BEHAVIOR

Pop Drugs: The High as a Way of Life

*You raise up your head
And you ask, Is this where it is?
And somebody points to you
And says, It's his,
And you say, What's mine?
And somebody else says, Well, what
is?*

*And you say, Oh, my God,
Am I here all alone?
But something is happening
And you don't know what it is,
Do you, Mr. Jones?*

—Bob Dylan, *Ballad of a Thin Man*

HE does not. The straight middle-class American breadwinner, secure and affluent beyond the dreams of his grandparents or most of his contemporaries elsewhere in the world, Mr. Jones of Dylan's mocking lyric, finds himself in a world more surreal than a moonscape. He looks behind, and realizes that his children are not following. At a frightening distance, in their own arcane pastures of the mind, the young strip and ululate and make love to the accompaniment of manic cacophonies. Even in the Joneses' own

backyard, thrusting up between the roses and the hollyhocks, a sharp eye may spot a weed growing—the telltale spikes of *Cannabis sativa*. Otherwise known as Indian hemp, a hardy botanic cousin to the fig, the hop and the nettle, it provides the marijuana that is troubling and changing a culture.

It used to be that "better living through chemistry" was just another advertising slogan; now it is a sly joke to the young and a grievous worry to their parents. In their quest for sensory experience, an alarming number of kids are swallowing its message whole. Marijuana ("pot," "grass," "boo," "tea," "marijuana," "broccoli," "weed") is their favorite preparation; in lesser numbers, they are smoking hashish ("hash"), taking mescaline, peyote, psilocybin, LSD ("acid"), using barbiturates and sedatives ("goofers," "downers," "red devils," "red birds," "phenies," "green dragons," "yellow jackets," "tooties"), swallowing or injecting amphetamine stimulants ("crystal," "crank," "meth," "bennies," "dexies," "Christmas trees," "speed"). The prices of their mind excursions fluctuate

almost daily with the black market where kids must make their purchases. Depending on location, a dose of LSD or enough Methedrine for one injection costs around \$3, while one Dextedrine pill can be bought for only 10¢. The marijuana contained in one "joint" or cigarette is worth around 75¢.

These are the pop drugs—the drugs widely taken by middle-class young people, most of whom are white. Their use is growing; marijuana smoking, in particular, is increasing. (Heroin use, by contrast, remains comparatively static.) "For the first time," says California Psychopharmacologist Dr. Leo Hollister, "pot is entrenched in our society, with untold millions using the drug. We have passed the point of no return."

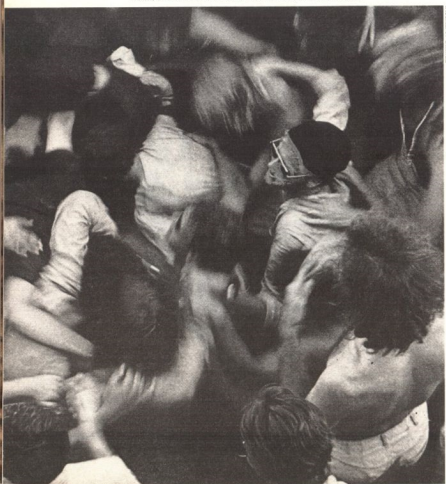
There are vast differences in the effects of pop drugs. New research makes it clear that marijuana is "softer" and less perilous than the others, although for some people it does hold genuine psychological dangers. Pop drugs have provoked a defiance of the law unprecedented since Prohibition. The drug scene has stirred intense debate among scientists, doctors and politicians on how to deal with the problem. Drugs have become so painful an issue between parents and their children that when Mr. and Mrs. Jones discover that a child of theirs is turned-on or freaked-out, they may find themselves, dazed and uncomprehending, turning him over to the police. Pop drugs hardly portend anything as drastic as a new and debauched American spirit, as some alarmists believe. But drug use does reflect some little-recognized shifts in adult American values as well as the persistent unwillingness of youth to accept the straight world. The mounting research on drugs permits some new perspectives on their use and abuse; still, the pop-drug scene is, if anything, more than ever clouded by fear, dismay and mistrust.

Penalties and Harvests

The majority of users are experimenters, who take a drug several times and quit. Even if the users who are heavily dependent on these drugs (perhaps somewhat less than 2,000,000) are combined with addicts (about 100,000), the sum is smaller than the estimated national total of 6,000,000 alcoholics. Some experts even maintain that the "drug problem" has become the "drug-problem problem"—one more distorted priority diverting attention from real national needs.

The issues were aired last week as the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency began hearings to consider new legislation on drugs. The Nixon Administration's bill would permit authorized policemen to break in unannounced on suspected-violators so that

MARIJUANA TRIPPERS DANCING ON CALIFORNIA BEACH



they could not destroy potential evidence. This is the "no-knock" tactic that some lawmen say is most likely to be employed against drug users. The bill would also restore the tough Federal penalties for simple possession of marijuana recently ruled invalid on technical grounds by the Supreme Court. The bill has drawn sharp opposition from experts who believe that marijuana is a considerably less dangerous drug than speed, LSD or heroin, and should be recognized as such. The bill contains only slim provisions for drug research and education and none at all for rehabilitation of addicts. Meanwhile the Administration launched "Operation Intercept" (see box, p. 70), described by officials as the largest search-and-seizure operation ever conducted by civil authorities in peacetime, in an attempt to stem the flow of drugs from Mexico.

Marijuana and other pop drugs come from many other sources, not the least the U.S. itself. U.S. *Cannabis*—if not as choice as the Mexican variety—grows wild throughout the Midwest. In Nebraska alone last week, an estimated 115,000 acres of it were nearly ready for harvesting—by any would-be pot-gatherers who could sneak by the police. Yet despite the plentitude of "Tennessee blue" and "Bethesda gold," rising demand for pot in the U.S. has recently been a major factor in producing a marijuana famine in

cents have at least tried it; on many college campuses, particularly on the East and West coasts and near large cities, the figure is 50%.

Last month's Woodstock music festival, where some 90% of the 400,000 participants openly smoked marijuana, brought the youthful drug culture to a new apogee. Its signature is everywhere. Rock musicians use drugs frequently and openly, and their compositions are riddled with references to drugs, from the Beatles' "I get high with a little help from my friends" to the Jefferson Airplane's *White Rabbit* ("Remember what the dormouse said: Feed your head"). The culture has its own in-group argot: "bummers" (bad trips) and "straights" (everyone else), "heat" (the police) and "narks" (narcotics agents), and being "spaced out" (in a drug daze).

A surprising number of straight students are turning on too. The children of U.S. Senators George McGovern and Alan Cranston have been arrested on marijuana charges, as have the sons of California Assemblyman Jesse Unruh and Actor Darren McGavin. One of Vice President Spiro Agnew's daughters was suspended from Washington's exclusive National Cathedral School for three days last spring after an investigation was held to determine if she had been smoking pot. University of Indiana Sociologist Alfred R. Lindesmith,

plane glue is adding sickening mustard fumes to its product's aroma.) Washington's District of Columbia Addiction Center has uncovered pot users as young as eight years old.

Growing numbers of adults are taking up the habit. Many veterans return from Viet Nam with a taste for grass; some military and civilian observers estimate that marijuana is smoked by as many as half the men below the rank of captain. Although many adults who "blow" pot are sadly overeager to stay young, many others are as unselfconscious as the banker in Minneapolis' rich suburb of Wayzata who regularly lights up a joint with his after-dinner brandy and the 30-year-old Manhattan commercial artist who says that "at the parties I go to, whether or not you smoke marijuana is no bigger a question than whether or not you'll take a piece of cheese."

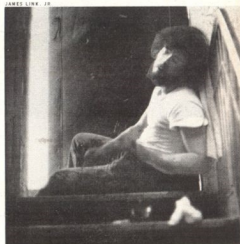
The Vulnerable Years

As with any social habit, all kinds of people use drugs for all kinds of reasons. One obvious age-old drive is the simple impulse to feel good. Like the neolithic men who got high on fermented berries and the Assyrians who sucked opium lozenges, explains Dr. Sidney Cohen of NIMH, a noted drug researcher, today's drug takers "are bored, in pain, frustrated, unable to enjoy, or



HEROIN PUSHER (ON RIGHT IN STRIPED SHIRT) MAKING SALE

Promise of oblivion, surcease, togetherness or euphoria for those who are bored, in pain, frustrated, or alienated.



JUNKIE AFTER GIVING HIMSELF A FIX

many U.S. cities. Many authorities say that the dearth of pot is prompting users to take up harder drugs like amphetamines or even heroin.

A recent Administration task force "conservatively" estimated that at least 5,000,000 Americans have used marijuana at least once. Dr. Stanley Yolles, director of the National Institute of Mental Health, puts the total far higher: at least 12 million, and perhaps even 20 million. Pot is, of course, most widely used by the young. Yolles estimates that 25% to 40% of all stu-

dents have spent nearly 35 years studying drug use, contends with a measure of grim humor: "If a kid goes to college these days and never develops an interest in marijuana, he's got a problem and you should worry. He may be a loner or not accepted by his peers."

The age of innocence is moving lower, into junior high schools and occasional grade schools, where youngsters seeking ersatz maturity even gulp codeine-laden cough medicine. (Glue sniffing is expected to decline as word gets out that the largest maker of model-air-

planes carries with it the promise of oblivion, surcease, quietude, togetherness, or euphoria.) Says one Chicago college student who smokes marijuana regularly: "You take it when friends get together or when you're going to see *Yellow Submarine*. It's not to solve problems, just to giggle."

The old idea of easy euphoria has been underscored as the variety and use of legitimate pills have proliferated. One-quarter to one-third of all the medical prescriptions now written in the

U.S. is for a mood-altering pep pill or tranquilizer; newspaper, magazine and television ads hammer away at the theme that relief is just a swallow away for any condition, from nervous tension to drowsiness. As Sociologists William Simon and John H. Gagnon write: "Modern medicine has made drugs highly legitimate, something to be taken casually and not only during moments of acute and certified stress. Our children, far from being in revolt against an older generation, may in fact be acknowledging how influential a model that older generation was."

Not all those who take "chemical vacations," in Aldous Huxley's phrase, are simply in search of a high. Pop drugs

mother asked me to tell her if I smoked marijuana," says one high school girl in suburban Smithtown, N.Y. "When I said yes, all she said was 'I knew it. I knew it.' Then she started crying." Parents have many good reasons for questioning youth's resort to drugs. They know that under present federal and most state laws possession of drugs is a felony, and conviction can bar a person from many occupations for life. Drugs challenge the whole structure of adult values. In addition, most Americans' knowledge of drugs has been clouded by a widely promulgated series of bromides. When the topic comes up, most parents envisage the dope pusher standing outside the high school or the *Mafioso* prowling the streets in sunglasses. Marijuana, most adults believe, identically affects everyone who uses it and inevitably leads to the slow death of heroin addiction. A joint today, they think, means a junkie tomorrow.

The Federal Bureau of Narcotics dispensed these ideas for more than two decades until it was merged into a new division of the Justice Department last year. Accumulating research had exploded such notions, but officials kept repeating them in an ineffectual effort to scare kids away from drugs. Actually, most young neophytes are surrounded not by pushers but by other kids who exert the normal adolescent pressure to conform.

Hierarchy of Danger

The likelihood that any drug will lead to perdition varies widely, the researchers point out; with every mood-changing drug known to man, there is a proportion of people who can use it without suffering harmful side effects or a habit, and of those who cannot. Just as some drinkers become convivial or aggressive and others morose and withdrawn, drug users get as much of their kick from their surroundings and the set of their own psyches as from the chemicals they use. The danger of heavy dependence, the crucial problem with most pop drugs, also depends largely on the personality of the user.

A profile of the "dependency-prone" individual has emerged from recent work with alcoholics as well as pop-drug abusers. He is likely to be narcissistically preoccupied with himself, and be mistrustful of most people. Many heavy drug users, says Anthony F. Philip, a psychologist who heads the Columbia College student-counseling service, are driven by an "intolerable, chronic, low-grade depression," which includes "a sense that somehow they have been cheated by life." Psychologists cannot predict which social drinkers will become alcoholics, and they have no sure litmus test for spotting potential drug abusers either. They warn, however, that the young should be particularly worried if they find themselves popping drugs to overcome an emotional upset or calm

To Seal a Border

AS Operation Intercept got under way, U.S. border guards and customs officers fanned out across the porous 2,500-mile Mexico border that large quantities of illegal drugs cross on their way to the U.S. Officers and trained hounds searched automobile glove compartments and trunks, children's dolls and hollow surfboards, northbound traffic was slowed for miles on Mexico's routes 2 and 15. Other agents were at the ready in Coast Guard ships, fast cars, helicopters and high-speed pursuit planes to cut off smugglers at any available pass. Eventually the U.S. hopes to encourage Mexican agents to use planes equipped with electronic sniffers to detect where marijuana is being grown and then spray the plants with a still-experimental compound that will nauseate users who later smoke the products.

"If we cut off the supply of marijuana at its source, we will drive prices sky-high and effectively take it out of the hands of 90% of the kids," says Deputy Attorney General Richard Kleindienst. Last year alone, U.S. officials estimate, 1,200 tons of marijuana were brought across the Mexican line. Only 70,210 lbs. were detected. Also, the border leaked 20% of the heroin used in the U.S., refined from Mexican *Amapola*, the poppy, and an unknown amount of U.S.-made drugs such as amphetamines, which can be bought without prescription in Mexico.

Similar U.S. attempts in the past have proved frustrating, largely because drug smuggling is a high-profit, low-risk trade. The new treasure of the Sierra Madre is a traditional sideline crop for thousands of small Mexican farmers. They get up to 40 times as much for a kilo of the prized "Acapulco Gold" as they do for a kilo of corn. In Guerrero state, eager peasants using fertilizer and irrigation can harvest four crops a year. In Tijuana, enterprising merchants package marijuana in 1.8-kilo bricks—gift-wrapped at Christmastime—that cost \$35 and contain enough for at least 2,000 cigarettes, or "joints." In the U.S., the same amount will bring anywhere from \$400 to \$1,900 for the topmost grade.

Although marijuana and opium are technically illegal in Mexico, the Mexican government has been reluctant to beef up its unsophisticated mini-force of 40 drug agents, who are so poorly paid that they are easy prey to the Mexican ethos of *mordida* (the bite, or pay-off). Operation Intercept may discourage the amateurs who smuggle hemp across the border on major highways. It will probably have little effect on the professionals who dominate the trade. As a knowledgeable Texas border scout points out, "There are areas out there where a small army could cross without detection."



ANNOUNCING OPERATION INTERCEPT
Is there a right to choose your poison?

are inextricably mixed with the youth culture and its distaste for a super-technology that seems remote, false and uncaring. The two-martini lunch and the cocktail party have become potent symbols of frantic, achievement-oriented Western culture; for the young drug taker, the belligerent or sloppy drunk personifies the older generation's "hypocrisy" and lack of control. The darker side of pop drugs is the fact that some users have serious emotional problems. Dr. Phyllis Kempner, a clinical psychologist who works with drug abusers of many kinds in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district, says that many of the kids who are most deeply into mind-changing chemicals "have been troubled long before taking drugs. They have taken drugs to help them cope with these difficulties." Particularly during the vulnerable years of adolescence, drugs can be a way of evading the painful process of growing up.

Parents often are nonplussed. "My

Continued on page 72

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their worries about the draft, bad grades or their careers.

In terms of risk, mind-bending drugs can be ranked in an informal hierarchy. The list:

HEROIN, also known as "scag" or "smack," is still the most hazardous. A true narcotic, relieving pain as well as producing sleep, it is the strongest of the opiates. These also include morphine and codeine, which doctors very often prescribe as painkillers in carefully measured doses. Heroin users, who administer their own doses, seek the white powder because it makes them feel physically warm and peaceful and raises their self-esteem and confidence. Large doses can sufficiently slow bodily functions to cause death; more commonly, heroin users develop abscessed veins and hepatitis from dirty needles, are undernourished and prone to infections. Users occasionally have a fatal reaction even before the needle leaves their arm. A person on any of the opiates develops the familiar symptoms of physical dependency: a tolerance that demands constantly increasing doses to maintain the high, and withdrawal symptoms of sweating, cramps and even occasional convulsions when the drug wears off. Although doctors report rare cases of the occasional user who does not develop a heroin habit, nearly 100% of all people who try it on any regular basis become hooked.

BARBITURATES are used by doctors as sleeping pills and tranquilizers. They are taken by kids only out of naiveté or in the absence of anything better, since their high is minimal: after an initial flash of relaxation, in which tensions seem to disappear, they produce physical and mental lassitude and can cause death. Barbiturates also create heavy physical dependency.

SPEED, as the hippies warn, kills. Users feel that amphetamines sharpen their physical reactions and increase confidence. In small doses for short periods, these stimulants are considered safe and are legitimately used to treat depression and curb appetite. To get high, speedsters give themselves six to 200 times the daily medical dosage usually prescribed for dieters. In rare cases—particularly when Methedrine is used—the jolt can raise blood pressure enough to cause immediate death; chronic use can lead to a psychosis that many doctors feel is more similar to schizophrenia than any of the psychotic symptoms brought on by other dangerous drugs. While a person is "up" on speed, his body runs down, making him easy prey to disease. Although amphetamines generally are not considered physically addictive, when a user comes down ("crashes") he is so tired and depressed that he is tempted to start again. His body builds up a tolerance.

LSD is 4,000 times as strong by weight as mescaline and psilocybin, the related substances found in nature. It gives tripe-

TURNING ON: TWO VIEWS

A Teen-Ager's Trip

Eerie visions, horror, and a real or imagined new awareness of self crowd a teen-ager's mind when he gets on the drug kick. With chilling casualness, a 17-year-old, starting college this fall, describes for TIME his three years of drug taking. Brought up in the East in a middle-class suburban family, he was sent to a private school in Colorado because his parents hoped the experience would buck up his sagging attitudes and grades. He obviously knows some of the perils inherent in drugs, but is alarmingly heedless of others, notably LSD, which can be extremely dangerous. He graduated last June in good academic standing with a B average. When he turned on for the first time:

THIS guy down the hall happened to give me 500 ground-up morning glory seeds and he told me to eat them. He said I'd get stoned. I really didn't know what drugs were all about then, but I took them and waited about two hours and I couldn't feel very much. Then I walked over to one of the school buildings and the same cat was up in a loft blowing grass. I didn't know what that was then either. I thought it was like heroin. I thought it was really bad. This chick who was a friend of his said, "Why don't you come up and smoke some?" So I went up there and started smoking it out of this Chinese opium pipe. We smoked it for a long time. Finally I climbed down.

The doors have glass windows with chicken-wire in them. I looked out the windows and I saw two suns in the sky. They were opposite each other and one was purple and one was some other color which I can't really describe. And they both were shooting down these long, thin poles made of light. When the poles hit the snow they broke like ice or glass and then the pieces melted like mercury and disappeared. I started to smile and I thought how strange everything was. This was something that never had happened to me before.

That was the first time. Only about five people at the whole school smoked any grass. It felt good to be one of them. That was one of the main reasons that I smoked, I think, and because I really wanted to try it. It was a nice thing. I probably smoked about 20 or 30 times that school year. Pretty soon about 85% of the kids smoked. It got to be a really statusy thing. A lot of the kids who smoked would come and tell you when they were stoned just to impress you. The school kind of overlooked all the grass smoking.

I stopped taking ground-up seeds, though, because once I took them be-

fore a vacation and had a bad trip [frightening experience]. I had to take a six-hour bus ride and then a plane. I took about 550 seeds just before the bus left. A lot of kids from school on the bus were stoned too. Some had grass and one guy drank two bottles of cough syrup. And it was really good for about an hour but then I started to freak. I felt like jumping off the bus. I just had to move. There were pine trees along the road and they all started to move really fast. They were moving too fast for me so I closed my eyes. But I had to open them all the time because if I didn't, I couldn't tell where I was.

I thought I was going insane and would have to be committed. When I finally got on the jet, I really started to freak because there was no one to talk to. I really wanted to talk to someone I knew. So I just sat there gripping the seat when the hallucinations got bad. The next day I was feeling really strange. I was psychotically paranoid. I thought people were trying to kill me and that they were behind huge plots against me. When I got back to school about two weeks later, I was pretty normal except that I never wanted to take seeds again.

Just before I left school that spring, two cats got a kilo of grass in the mail. They sold lids [packages containing roughly one ounce] and I bought two. I put them in my suitcase and the first night home, I smoked and left the bag under the bed instead of hiding it. One of my brothers found it and brought it to my parents. They were really horrified and they thought I was a real drug addict. They threw all of it down the toilet. They are really paranoid about drugs. They suspect me of being stoned when I am not.

The next summer I smoked only about three times a month because I didn't want to spend much money on it, and also because I fell in love and then I hardly smoked at all. For me, I think, grass is a substitute for love.

At the end of my senior year, everything was relaxed and nobody suspected me, and one weekend this cat came from Alaska and he offered me some acid [LSD]. I was pretty uptight. I didn't think it would wreck my mind, but I was still scared. Then when it started to come on, I thought, "How could such beautiful stuff hurt me?" I really dig acid raps. That's when you talk to the cat you took acid with about anything that comes into your mind. Once a big Day-Glo ribbon materialized and hovered three or four inches above the ground. It was about 7 ft. long and 2 ft. thick. Everything that I was going to say was written on that ribbon in pink letters before I was going to say it, so I just read the ribbon to talk.

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A Straight Adult

How does marijuana affect a normal, successful adult? The following account was written for TIME by a married 29-year-old Ivy League college graduate. He is levelheaded and ambitious, and works a taxing 50-hour week at a responsible job. He began turning on eight months ago, now uses marijuana twice a week on the average. He is not trying to persuade anyone else to follow his example.

RASHLY, perhaps, I decided to risk the multiple legal and professional dangers of smoking pot. But how to find the stuff? My first discovery was that one turns out to have a lot of Jekyll-Hyde friends, who jekyll in the straight world and hyde when they are smoking grass.

Next came the props. These are purchasable at hundreds of "head" shops—those freaky emporia with psychedelic posters in the windows and incense pouring out of the door. I stopped at the grass counter and asked for some regular white Zig-Zag cigarette-rolling papers. Friends had also suggested a Rizla rolling machine if I felt too clumsy to roll my own. Another important purchase was a roach clip, used to hold the "roach" or butt of the joint after it has burned down and concentrated all those good resins at the end.

Then I went home and waited for the right mood. Almost any will do, although it's best not to smoke if you're extra anxious or depressed, since grass can amplify these feelings. I was also warned to be careful if I mixed pot in food—Alice B. Toklas brownies or "apple turn-on." These concoctions can take as long as two hours to have any effect, and if you get impatient and eat more, you can start feeling paranoid and even vomit. I learned to smoke with friends. Pot is best when shared with other people, and they can reassure you if you panic, as some people do when they first find their normal thought patterns beginning to change.

I inhaled deeply, holding the smoke down as long as possible, and passed the joint. The chances are excellent that nothing will happen to any first-timer, mostly because he has such fear about marijuana that he fights off its effects.

Eventually I did get stoned. Your feet and arms may seem a little cold, and you begin to feel and see things very intensely. Suddenly you wish that everyone would cluster in a small corner of the room because you almost feel that everyone near you is in some magic bubble, whereas the people over in the other part of the room seem very far away. Time slows down in the most felicitous way: an hour can seem like three, but yet I have suddenly seen

the sun coming up when I thought it was only one in the morning.

Conversation tends to become diffused. When people throw out feelings and images, you don't just nod and say politely that you understand—you are right there with the fellow who is talking, looking at the same thing. Once, in a group of people listening to the Moody Blues, the music suddenly seemed to swell, as if it were the sound track of *Cleopatra* just at the point where the slaves are rowing her barge down the river. Someone suggested that the music made him think of the monumental effort a snail makes in pulling itself across a lawn, and instantly everyone was grooving on this image of those huge blown-up snails painstakingly but nobly pulling themselves across the wet grass. There is probably no better way to understand Andy Warhol's pop art Campbell's Soup cans than to get stoned and look at everyday objects.

If there are partners around with whom people would like to sleep, chances are some of them will. If there is a pool near by, one of the first things people want to do is to go swimming in the raw. Then suddenly you realize you are both thirsty and hungry. The wise pot hostess, Author Jack Margolis advises in his new book, *A Child's Garden of Grass*, should have "plenty of munchies and suckies around the house when the gang drops in."

One has to be prepared to laugh at himself. I find I tend to deliver lines like Moses standing with the Ten Commandments under his arm. One night a bunch of us were somewhat stoned at a restaurant. A man at the next table leaned over and said to his wife, "If there is no view, why don't you frost the windows?" I dutifully informed my table of the remark, and we spent most of the evening on it: it seemed to sum up religion, Communism, even drugs. Unfortunately, the next morning it was simply another phrase—a good one, but not something that would knock straight people out for the count.

I learned not to walk into a store stoned. A pot-high woman friend had to go shopping for a few hot dogs, rolls and a six-pack of Coke. She came back an hour later \$60 poorer, with six bags of groceries: things like branched peaches, cans of baby shrimp, caviar and lots of pickles. It's not so much that your powers of discrimination are diminished—it's just that your powers of appreciation are enhanced.

A pot high is quite different from a liquor high. Alcohol dulls the senses whereas pot sets them on edge. If a child were screaming in the next room, I'd take a drink, not a joint. If I were sitting with an arm around Jane Fonda and she had just told me I had beautiful eyes, I'd light up. Drink is for tuning out. Pot is for tuning in.

Well, that's my view, anyway.



ADULT POT PARTY ON WEST COAST

Acid has taught me a new way. You have to dig anything that happens to you, even if it's not what you wanted. And it taught me to appreciate more things. Things are really beautiful if you look at them or think about them enough.

After I took acid, I told my parents I had dropped [taken it]. They got really really uptight and said acid could make you go insane. But at least they didn't care about grass any more. They're just worried about grass because it's against the law. They never threatened to call the heat [police] or anything. They never even told me never to use drugs again. They just said: "Not in the house."

I haven't been stoned on anything for about a month, and I don't plan to take anything in the near future. Just to groove on reality for a change. I was born straight, so I think I should be straight for most of my life. But I will take acid again. When I'm on acid, I am as stoned as I could ever hope to be. The heavy drugs, like acid or mescaline, totally destroy reality. If I want to get the hell out, I'll just drop some of that good old LSD.

But some people can have a bad time with dope. Acid can make you flip out. One classmate of mine was disowned by his wealthy parents after he got busted from school for using grass. He started to do acid every day by shooting [with a hypodermic needle] and snorting [inhaling the powder], and he started to deal [push it, sell it] too. His parents thought he was going insane, and they talked of committing him. So he ran away from home. Nobody knows where he is now. Also, another cat I know got busted in Carmel [Calif.] for using weed. He couldn't leave the town for a year and had to spend every Saturday in jail.

pers intense hallucinations. Waves of color and vibrations sweep through the head; reality dissolves. Imagining that they are birds, some users have plunged to death or serious injury while attempting to fly. Known medically as hallucinogenics or psychotogenics, these drugs are still subject to intense research. They seldom kill outright, and do not create the symptoms of physical dependency. Although earlier researchers found that they can be linked to permanent breaks in animal and human chromosomes, more recent studies have been unable to replicate these findings, and the long-term effects on genes are still unknown. Yet even in apparently stable personalities, the massive doses taken by most kids can bring to the surface long-buried psychoses that will remain as mental illness after the drug wears off.

MARIJUANA is also usually classed as hallucinogenic; its effects range from reddened eyes and relaxation to changed perception. It is not an aphrodisiac, but it can lower inhibitions and intensify sexual pleasure. It seems to make many users temporarily passive, in contrast to alcohol, which frequently releases aggression. "Everyone knows about barroom brawls," says Oakland, California Psychiatrist and Drug Researcher Tod Mikuriya, "but have you ever heard of a pot-room brawl?" Of course, it can be argued that there are worse things than barroom brawls.

Most researchers now classify the dangers of marijuana as on a par with those of alcohol. However, so far there is no scientific evidence on whether long-term use can produce effects comparable to alcohol's cirrhosis or tobacco's cancer and emphysema. Marijuana's active ingredients—chemicals known as tetrahydrocannabinols (THC)—can cause LSD-type psychotic hallucinations when administered in pure form. (Such a reaction can happen considerably more easily with hashish, a concentration of dried *Cannabis* resins some six times as powerful as marijuana.) Pot affects the sense of time, but not motor and perceptual skills. It is not a narcotic; unlike alcohol in heavy doses, it does not produce physical dependency. Users can, however, become psychologically dependent on it, spending most of their time turned on and talking about it.

Of the students who use marijuana, NIMH Director Yolles estimates that 65% quit after experimenting one to ten times; 25% become social users. Only around 10% become habitual users—a far cry from the level projected by alarmists, but still a serious number. Those in the last category, many of them subject to the depression and discouragement of slum life, often go on to heroin. In a scientific age, the scarcity of research knowledge about pot is

appalling; nonetheless it is clearly irresponsible to say, as some extreme defenders do, that pot is no more harmful than cherry pie.

Present drug laws are inequitable as well as widely unenforceable. Most statutes do not distinguish hard narcotics from marijuana, or the pusher from the user. Arrests for marijuana law violations last year totaled 80,000; they increased tenfold between 1963 and 1968. Yet, for all the massive expenditures of police time and money, pot smoking is so widespread that there are roughly 25 times as many users as there are places to hold them in all the nation's prisons. The chances of being jailed for



PSYCHEDELIC SUPERMARKET IN HOLLYWOOD
Swallowing the message whole.

using pot are probably less than one in 1,000, NIMH's Dr. Cohen estimates; only about 1% of those arrested on marijuana charges are brought to trial and convicted.

In cases where a conviction is obtained, justice frequently is dispensed with more spleen than equity. Last February, for example, police in Danville, Virginia, rooted from a bus station one Frank Lavarre, a 19-year-old who had been suspended from the University of Virginia because of bad grades. He was carrying 6½ pounds of marijuana to friends in Atlanta. In court, the case was tried by Judge Archibald Aiken, four times Frank's age and a rigid traditionalist who loathes pot smokers and longhairs. Although Frank had never been in trouble with the law before and pleaded guilty, the judge gave him 25 years (five suspended) in the state pen and a \$500 fine. Frank has been in Danville jail, waiting for his appeal to

be processed, for the past seven months.

Social scientists note that punishment, to deter, must be immediate and impartial. During Prohibition, when enforcement of the Volstead Act was roughly comparable to that of the present drug laws, the nation's per-capita consumption of liquor actually increased 10%. The blunderbuss approach to marijuana creates widespread disrespect for all law among young people; perhaps worst of all, it makes it difficult for young people to believe adults' warnings about other drugs, and discourages the young who need medical help and advice from seeking it.

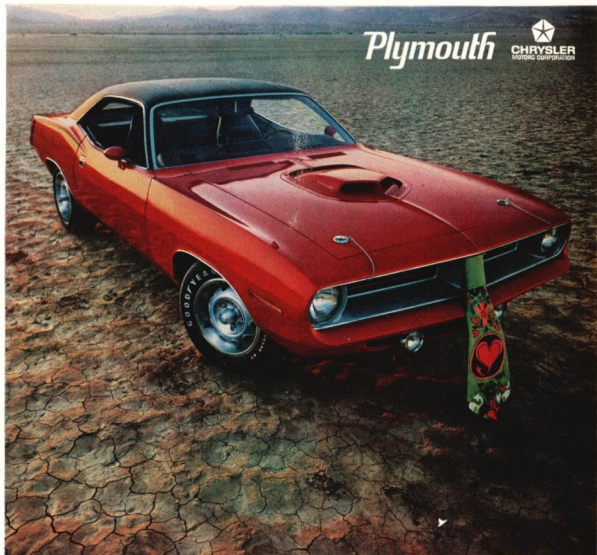
To loosen the legal straitjacket, eight states recently have reduced the penalty for possessing marijuana from a felony to a misdemeanor, or given their judges the discretion of reducing it. Their action is in line with the recommendations of every national commission that has studied the subject since a White House conference on drug abuse in 1962—and directly opposite to the tack that the Nixon Administration is taking.

Legalize Pot?

The sentencing proposals in the Administration's bill overrode the milder recommendations that had been agreed on by many officials in the departments of Justice and Health, Education and Welfare. The measure raises penalties for LSD, and keeps marijuana in the same classification as hard narcotics. The minimum jail sentence for a first offense would be two years. The bill's only concession permits a judge to release on probation first offenders who are found guilty and, if they behave properly, to dismiss them with a clean criminal record.

Nixon's proposed law doubtless reflects his intuition that most of the country still considers marijuana a strict law-and-order issue that can be dealt with by police and punishment. "Most parents won't defend a drug user—until he's their son," says Stanford University Psychologist Jean Paul Smith. However, the experts have become increasingly concerned over excessive drug penalties. Dr. Roger Egeberg, the Nixon-appointed Assistant Secretary of HEW for Health and Scientific Affairs, says that the laws governing marijuana "are completely out of proportion" to the dangers of the drug. Declared the Mental Health Institute's Dr. Yolles in his testimony last week: "I know of no clearer instance in which the punishment for an infraction of the law is more harmful than the crime."

Would the ideal solution be to legalize pot? No, say most authorities. Long-term use of marijuana may hold yet unknown health hazards, and might conceivably induce in America the pas-



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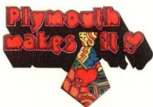
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gentler, but equally sporty, in mind, we also make Barracuda and the Barracuda Gran Coupe.

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Hello, new people. We have a new car for you.



The apartment
hunting season is on...



head for the woods.

You know how apartments used to look. Like boxes with windows. No more.

Now architects and builders are designing with wood. So you can get an apartment or townhouse that looks like a home instead of an institution. Here are a few things to look for that can make your new apartment a lot more liveable.



beautifully. And parquet, pegged plank or strip wood floors add a natural touch that can't be duplicated. They also blend perfectly with any style of furniture.

Cozy, cool and quiet. Nothing works better than wood to keep heat in in winter, and out in summer. As a natural insulator, wood is six times better than brick, 15 times better than concrete, and over 1,000 times better than aluminum.

Wood windows don't get cold and condense the warm air in your apartment, and then drip water on your drapes. They don't conduct heat in summer, either. And properly designed wood apartments screen out exterior noise just as efficiently as they screen out heat and cold.



Is an apartment a home? With exposed wood framing, textured wood sidings, or wood shingles, many of today's better garden apartments have the look and character of a private home. Progressive builders are also using wood to make the outdoors part of your apartment. Look for bedroom balconies, private patios, outdoor deck and recreation areas made of wood.



The end of care. Builders who panel interiors with wood end the work of repainting or cleaning painted walls forever. And wood paneling comes in all kinds of grains, finishes, textures and widths to give you a warmth and natural beauty you can keep glowing with very little care.

With an occasional waxing, hardwood flooring glows just as



This is an important consideration in today's apartment living where many people dwell under one roof. Because wood has natural properties that serve to stop sound, it can help keep noise from moving between one apartment and another—even absorb sounds created within your own. Remember. When you look for value, look for wood.

American Wood Council,
Box 4156, Chevy Chase,
Maryland 20015.

sive, fatalistic outlook common in many Asian and Middle Eastern nations, where marijuana-like preparations are traditional and ubiquitous. (Some experts disagree, suspecting that the problems of Eastern drug-using societies are more a result of religious attitudes and chronic malnutrition than a product of chemistry.) The opponents of legalization argue that even if marijuana is no more dangerous than alcohol, one chemical escape valve is enough for any society. As Beverly Hills Judge Leonard Wolf puts it: "It would not be a particularly healthy situation to unleash upon the public a second intoxicant that would rival alcohol. Alcohol is tremendously dangerous to society, but it has become part of our culture. Is that any reason to invite in a second, equally dangerous substance?"

However, the time for a choice is already past, argues a growing band of responsible advocates of legalization, among them Psychiatrist Mikuriya and Stanford Law Professor John Kaplan.

co, and one tobacco company executive confides: "A cigarette concern would have to be pretty stupid if it weren't looking into marijuana."

Unfortunately, neither side in the legalization dispute can produce conclusive arguments, for although much has been learned about marijuana in recent years much more is still unknown. Years of exaggerated and oversimplified speculation have created a vicious circle that still hampers the growth of real knowledge. Researchers Norman Zinberg and Andrew Weil, who last year did the first truly scientific study of marijuana's effect on the human organism, maintain: "Administrators of scientific and government institutions feel marijuana is dangerous. Because it is dangerous, they are reluctant to allow work to be done on it. Because no work is done, people think of it as dangerous." Six months ago NIMH began growing its own marijuana for researchers on 23 acres of land owned by the University of Mississippi. The Institute is

eventually forestall the development of the drug-dependent personality.

Education is one good way to start. Mindful that it is often the kids in uninformed, isolated communities who plunge most heedlessly into amphetamines and barbiturates, the National Institute of Mental Health this spring began a levelheaded information campaign in the mass media. One of its ads pictures a litter of cocktail glasses, pill bottles and an ashtray overflowing with cigarette butts, and asks parents: "Ever wonder why your kid doesn't take you seriously when you lecture him about drugs?" A poster about drugs in psychedelic colors asks kids: "Will they turn you on—Or will they turn on you?"

The Drugless Turn-On?

Such efforts cannot work without the presence of deeper social values, whether they concern smoking, liquor or drugs. To help schools encourage such values, new drug curriculums are slowly replacing the venerable and largely ineffective assembly scare lecture. The programs that seem to have helped most are seminars where kids and their parents can talk out the enticements and dangers of drug use—often with the blunt help of ex-addicts barely older than the kids in school. The meetings expose underlying tensions very rapidly. Wayne Wilson, a psychologist who has helped former addicts set up education programs in several California communities, reported to a recent conference on drug abuse held at Rutgers University: "When we first moved into the schools, we soon found out that it didn't make any difference whether the kids were using drugs or not. After a moment, they were talking about all the problems of life."

Indeed, essential to any intelligent public approach to drugs is the realization that they are not an isolated phenomenon but a product of a complex and often frustrating society. Adults must get used to the fact that their world has witnessed the growth of a separate youth culture, or "counterculture." For many of the kids in it, pot is a part of growing up, and the great majority have no intention of freaking out for good. The young need myriad new opportunities to come to terms with life. In the long run, adults can do most to allay youth's disaffection by the admittedly arduous process of mending the social and political dislocations of the times: uncertain wars, a capricious draft system, inequitable distribution of opportunity and income, institutions too immured against necessary change. The goal probably should not be to eliminate drugs entirely, which is impossible, but to control them and diminish their allure by offering the only valid alternative—a life of challenge and fulfillment. That, as kids who have reached a mature understanding of drugs already know, can also be a turn-on, and a better one.



MARIJUANA HARVESTERS IN TEXAS JAIL
Is one escape valve enough?

They do not argue that marijuana is harmless, and they are seriously concerned that the open sale of pot would almost certainly increase its use and abuse, producing greater numbers of "pot lushes" and even pot skid rows. They defend ultimate legalization only because they believe that its probable costs to society are outweighed by the disadvantages of continued prohibition. They point out that as long as marijuana is forbidden it will continue to have the appeal of the illicit.

Even the proponents of legalization favor tight regulation of marijuana: no sales to children under 18, no advertising, laws against driving under its influence, federal quality controls, severe penalties for illegal pushing, and excise taxes to further discourage impecunious youthful purchasers. Such a policy would roughly parallel the nation's present attitude toward alcohol and tobacco,

currently funding around 50 marijuana research projects, but only a few of them involve experimentation with human beings. Social Psychiatrist Joel Hochman of the U.C.L.A. Neuropsychiatric Institute goes so far as to charge that "the Government is giving legitimate researchers such a hassle because they are afraid our work will show no serious side effects, and if there are no serious side effects then there is no rationale for keeping the use of marijuana illegal."

Obviously the ultimate decision on pot is a long way off. Meanwhile there is a growing consensus that mere law enforcement is wholly inadequate to the problems of drug abuse. Medical and psychological treatment needs to be improved and greatly expanded. The nation must also find new paths to prevention, cultivate social patterns that will encourage wise use of drugs—and



The motion picture *Roof Line* was produced for Koppers Company, Inc. by William W. Matthews & Company, Inc., both of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

**A mahogany desk top is no place
to demonstrate fire retardance..
unless you've made a movie.**

What with Underwriters' Labs, architects, builders, and code officials, you've got a lot of skeptics to convince. Especially when your claims fly in the face of tradition. Koppers Company, Inc. had a beaut—wood shakes and shingles that resist burning.

To stage fires in a 12-mile wind for thousands of officials throughout the country would be impractical. So Koppers made a movie.

Koppers' salesmen showed the film—to those who had to approve, to dealers who were expected to sell, to architects

and builders who needed to be excited, and to consumers who had to be sold. And Koppers' treated shakes and shingles were off and running.

Selling a new product or a new idea is something movies are very good at. But they're also an ideal way to teach science or sewing or cooking. To train workers or promote safety. Movies have a faculty for driving straight to the heart of an idea or proposition so that people can understand. Properly planned, written, edited, and professionally produced, movies move people

as no other medium can—and usually at far less cost.

Write for a free copy of our booklet, *Movies Move People*. It tells in simple language what you need to know for a businesslike approach to having a movie produced professionally. Write:

Motion Picture and Education
Markets Division
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Rochester, N.Y. 14650

Kodak

TELEVISION

Premières: The "New" Season



SCENE FROM "BOLD ONES"

Pastore's Complaint. (Pas'tər-ēz Kəm-plānt), *n.* A phobia against violence and sex on television, exacerbated by recent disturbances in American society and by the Noxzema "take-it-all-off" commercial. [Named after Rhode Island Senator John O. Pastore.]

JOHN PASTORE is chairman of the powerful Senate Communications Subcommittee, and when he has a complaint, the television industry has a sympathetic reaction verging on panic. As early as last May, Michael Dann, CBS senior vice president for programming, warned a national meeting of his network's station managers that the political atmosphere discouraged innovation and that the 1969-70 series would be "the same crap as last."

After viewing twelve of the season's 23 new shows, one concludes that Dann's foreboding is all too true. Rarely has a season seemed so regressive. The stars are primarily safe and established, the formats are past their prime, and most of the scripts are an insult to intelligence. The fault is certainly not all Pastore's; the television industry is completely capable of hitting bottom all by itself. And if a people gets the television it deserves, the American people should be ashamed of themselves.

Unprecedentedly, not one of those 23 new series is a western or an old-fashioned cops-and-robbers show. Instead, there is a swing back to the situation comedy and, for action, to the less lethal lawyers, teachers and, especially, doctors. Sex is out, but procreation is certainly in. The eight new situation comedies will introduce at least eleven kids among them, and some of the hold-over shows are hugely pregnant. Samantha in *Bewitched* will bear her second child in November; Agents 86 and 99 in *Get Smart* are expecting twins.

DRAMATIC SERIES

Perhaps the opening week's most promising premiere is *Room 222* (ABC), in which Lloyd Haynes plays a black Mr. Novak, a masterful and empathic teacher of history in an urban high school. Supporting characters include an iconoclastic Jewish principal (Michael Constantine) who openly hates PTA meetings, and a stereotypical, wide-eyed, white apprentice teacher (Karen Valentine) capable of telling Haynes, "I think it's so significant that you're colored." Except for such sappy moments, *Room 222* may prove to be more good-humoredly wise on the problems of school prejudice and board-of-education bureaucracy than that overpraised book and film *Up the Down Staircase*.

The drama of *Man v. Disease* is as old as Hippocrates, but it still works—witness *Ben Casey*, *Dr. Kildare*, *The Nurses*. And, this season, witness CBS's

Medical Center. One minor problem seems to be that the scriptwriters are running out of diseases. In this week's premiere, for example, O. J. Simpson plays a guest role as an All-America college halfback desperately trying to suppress symptoms of a mystery ailment lest it jeopardize a \$500,000 pro offer. (A nice bit of casting, that, although in real life O.J. got an estimated \$350,000 from the Buffalo Bills.) The rest of the program rang changes on the versus pattern: Young Doctor Chad Everett v. Old Doctor James Daly; modern technology v. pheochromocytoma, of all things. Simpson, incidentally, seemed headed for recovery.

The medical generation gap was even more dramatically dominant in the generally engrossing premiere of NBC's *The Bold Ones*, which starred E. G. Marshall, David Hartman and John Saxon. In this case, the old-school practitioner, played flawlessly by Guest Star Pat Hingle, refused to declare a dying patient legally dead, thus exasperating an over-eager young surgeon (Saxon) in search of a kidney to transplant. Hingle, it turned out, didn't have all those gray hairs for nothing; the dying patient miraculously improved. *Bold Ones* is a trilogy series, running in three-week cycles of lawyer stories, police dramas and medical shows.

A typical one-man itinerant series is... *Then Came Bronson* (NBC), a motorcycle version of *Route 66*. The star, Michael Parks, 31, has for several years been called Hollywood's next James Dean or next Marlon Brando, probably because he doesn't talk much. In the premiere, Parks laconically brought an autistic child to his senses in a scenic Wyoming camp for disturbed children and then varoomed off, presumably toward a less tearjerking episode.

Saddest of all the new drama series is *Bracken's World* (NBC), a sort of *Peyton Place* set in a movie lot that ABC had the sense to reject in 1963 and CBS gave up on in 1965. Bracken, a Howard Hughes-like studio chief, is never seen, and the day-to-day operation of the studio is handled by his executive secretary (Eleanor Parker). All told, the series includes eleven running parts and more clichés per foot than any other film in memory. Among them: a young contract player who comes on as a kind of poor man's Michael Parks; a starlet who will do anything for a part ("One thing I'm sure of is nobody can give you what I can"); a stage mother who says with a straight face that wearing a scarf that was the wrong color one day "cost me the part that made Rita Hayworth." It is theoretically possible that a shoddier and more tiresome series than *Bracken* will emerge in the second week of premieres, but it is almost inconceivable.



NABORS & GUEST SINGER JULIE BUDD



DEBBIE IN "REYNOLDS SHOW"



HAYNES & STUDENT IN "ROOM 222"



PARKER IN "BRACKEN'S WORLD"

SITUATION COMEDIES

No one can say that the makers of this year's new situation comedies didn't innovate. They invented the instant rerun. NBC's *The Debbie Reynolds Show*, for example, is an instant rerun of *I Love Lucy*, and small wonder; it is the handiwork of Lucy Producer Jess Oppenheimer. The only reason Debbie doesn't scheme to get into show business like her husband is that Debbie's husband Lew (Don Chastain) happens to be in the newspaper business. The only reason Debbie does not pose as a drummer auditioning for a band is that she happens to be posing as a caddy snooping on a politician's golf game. And the only reason it doesn't work is that Debbie isn't half the clown that Lucy is and the initial script was half-clowning and half-wit.

Once *The Bill Cosby Show* gets rolling on NBC, it promises to be an instant rerun of *Our Miss Brooks*, or maybe *Mr. Peepers*. Cosby is supposed to play a high school coach, although in last week's premiere he got nowhere near a school, a gym or a teen-ager. Instead, he jogged what might have been a good five-minute Cosby monologue into a 30-minute yawn about mistaken identity and false arrest.

ABC's *Courtship of Eddie's Father* is an instant rerun of *Julia*. Bill Bixby, the ersatz nephew of *My Favorite Martian*, plays the widowed parent, and an accomplished seven year old named Brandon Cruz is the son searching for a mom—any old mom. By happy circumstance, Brandon is far less objectionable than Diahann Carroll's TV offspring, and he even seems to like his father. The show also appropriates a few gimmicks from contemporary

cinema—stop-action photography, voice-over conversation and background bursts of rock music—but *Eddie* remains one of those programs that show the inherent dangers of borrowing from the neighbors.

My World and Welcome to It might have been the only original comedy on TV this fall. The idea was to base the series on James Thurber's cartoons, using them to illustrate some of his fables and weave the make-believe into the life of a cartoonist played by William Windom. But as the barbs were dulled, what was left took on a distinct resemblance to *Father Knows Best*.

The Governor and J.J. is CBS's instant rerun of *Slattery's People*, with overtones of *My Little Margie*. It is heartwarming only for its familiarity; Dan Dailey is not only a struggling public servant, but also a widowed and overweight father who must bridge the chasm between himself and his 23-year-old daughter J.J. (Julie Sommars). The only praiseworthy thing about the show is that CBS, following an enlightened new

policy, allowed it—and their other shows—to be seen and reviewed by the press in advance of air time—a practice that NBC and ABC refuse to adopt.

VARIETY

A major gamble of the new season is the *Jim Nabors Hour* (CBS). Nabors, who, as *Gomer Pyle, USMC*, had the second-highest-rated show last season, is venturing into variety. Those who can stand Jim will discover that he has a big baritone voice in addition to the familiar grits-eating grin and the stage-rustic accent. For those who can't, the *Jim Nabors Hour* will be only as entertaining as its guests.

A quasi-new variety hour is *The Andy Williams Show* (NBC), a Nielsen success that began in 1962 and ran until Andy wearied of the routine in 1967. The current show is taped in a new theater in the round. Everything else about the show is still inoffensively square.

PROGRAMMING

Video Violence Report

In one way, at least, the new television season is ahead of its time: by soft-pedaling assault and murder, it accurately forecasts the Federal Government's report on TV violence. The report, scheduled to be released this week by the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, links video violence to real violence, particularly in poorer families or families that are disorganized or culturally deprived. In those cases, "in the absence of family, peer and school relationships, television becomes the most compatible substitute for real life experiences."

The commission—a mixed bag of Congressmen, lawyers, educators, psychiatrists and sociologists—was established last year. Its report recommends self-policing by the networks and suggests guidelines. These include a reduction in programs that contain violence; elimination of violence from children's programs; and adoption of the British practice of scheduling crime and adventure stories in the evening after children are in bed.

The report certainly will not end the debate about the effects of TV violence. FCC Chairman Kenneth Cox cautions against a "bland approach" that would cut violence out of television altogether, saying there are many Washington officials who feel that if war, for example, "is such a terrible thing, maybe people should see more of it. Maybe they would know then what it really means." FCC Commissioner Robert E. Lee doubts that a cause-and-effect relationship can be scientifically established. "I kind of doubt the experts will find a connection," he says, though "once in a while you may find an isolated incident." Meanwhile the networks are planning their own investigations, and the U.S. Surgeon General's office is well into a report of its own. All the research may prove to be the best of forecasting of the 1969 television season.



"I wouldn't be caught dead jogging."

You're over thirty and out of shape. Inside and out. Jogging would do you a world of good. But the embarrassment of being out there, head back, elbows flapping and a million merciless eyes following every move, is just too much.

You could jog at night. Wear camouflage. Or run in the middle of a bunch of big guys. However you do it, do it. Because it's your life. And your health. And both depend on how fit your heart and lungs are.

Jogging improves heart, lungs and circulatory systems by gradually expanding their capacity to handle stress.

To get the most out of it, follow a schedule. One that starts slowly. And slowly builds body fitness by gradually increasing the distance you cover. If you follow instructions you won't overexert. Because when you're tired of running, you walk.

And as your lungs increase the amount of air they process, you begin to feel and look better. Runners we know eat less and sleep more.

Millions of Americans are jogging. Millions more are keeping fit in other ways. If you spend lots of time sitting, you're way behind them.

Don't start jogging without an OK from your doctor. And send for our free exercise booklet so you can keep up on rainy days. Metropolitan Life, Dept. T-99, One Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010.

And don't worry about looking funny. Everyone who jogs does.



Metropolitan Life

BUSINESS

THE CONSUMER'S IMPOTENT FRIEND IN WASHINGTON

WHILE every special interest has a lobby in Washington, the U.S. consumer does not. Yet he is supposed to have one: the Federal Trade Commission. The FTC was created in 1914, partly to enforce antitrust laws and partly to stop misleading advertising, false labeling and deceptive sales practices—precisely the abuses that are most infuriating consumers now. By all expert accounts, the FTC has failed in its task. Last week a special commission of 16 lawyers, professors and economists appointed by the American Bar Association explained the reasons for that failure. The agency, charged the commission, is a model of bureaucratic inertia, timidity and internal dissension, and it cries out for top-to-bottom reform.

Seeking a New Chief. That is scarcely a new thought. The A.B.A. commission report, as its authors caustically point out, repeated some criticisms that were voiced officially as early as 1924, restated by the Hoover Commission in 1949 and updated in scathing language last spring by "Nader's Raiders," the team of young lawyers and students assembled by Consumer Crusader Ralph Nader. The latest report may well have more effect than earlier ones, because it comes at a crucial time. President Nixon asked for it, obviously to help guide him in appointing an FTC chairman to succeed Paul Rand Dixon, a Democrat who has held the job since 1961. Dixon has offered to move down and serve until 1974 as one of the five commissioners. Nixon could name the new man as early as this week, when the seven-year term of Commissioner James Nicholson expires.

The new head will have a herculean task in turning the agency around, says the A.B.A. report. Among the FTC failings that it spotlights:

PARKINSON'S LAW. The FTC has been doing steadily less work with more people. In fiscal 1962, the commission opened 1,795 formal investigations of suspected business abuses. Last year it opened only 611. "We are perplexed by the magnitude of the reduction," said the A.B.A. study. The FTC staff increased from 1,126 to 1,230 between 1962 and 1968.

PREOCCUPATION WITH TRIVIA. The FTC devotes an astonishing proportion of its energy to attacking allegedly misleading textile- and fur-labeling practices. It has questioned a fur label on which "South West Africa" was abbreviated to "S.W. Africa" and a "90% wool" label on a blanket that was 89.9% wool. On

the other hand, the commission does not even screen local TV and radio commercials or scan newspaper ads to detect the fraudulent practices—fictitious pricing, home-improvement gyms, "bait-and-switch" schemes—that the FTC's own studies indicate are widely practiced in ghetto areas. The main reason for this failing is that the commissioners have given their staff little guidance as to what kind of cases to concentrate on. The staff has been reacting to whatever complaints happen to come in the mail, mostly from businessmen against com-

ceptive. The A.B.A. authors voiced fear that this trend would cause even more businessmen to stop taking the FTC seriously, particularly since the agency rarely checks to make sure that businessmen live up to their written promises of reform. It also "makes no effort whatever" to enforce compliance with oral promises.

STAFF WEAKNESSES. The A.B.A. team found considerable "incompetence" on the FTC staff and hinted that some of that might result from deliberate policy. For example, the report cited one "senior staff member" who hires lawyers but rarely chooses recent graduates from the top brackets of law schools. Said the report: "He told us he preferred to hire older men who had been out in the world for ten years or so and had come to appreciate that they were not going to make much of a mark—because they tended to be loyal and remain with the firm."

Chicago Law Professor Richard A. Posner, an A.B.A. commission member, saw so little hope of the FTC's ever becoming effective that he proposed gradually phasing it out of existence. The other 15 members suggested sweeping reforms, beginning with the establishment of clear FTC priorities. They urged that the FTC create task forces in urban areas to stop frauds perpetrated on the poor, the uneducated and the elderly. The critics also suggested that Nixon name a chairman from outside the FTC. A new chief presumably could count on support for an activist line from Commissioners Philip Elman and Mary Gardiner Jones, who lately have been publicly castigating the FTC.

Popular Issue. If Nixon follows the report's advice, he would both help consumers and protect himself politically from Democrats who scent a popular issue. Senator Edward Kennedy last week tried to begin his political comeback from Chappaquiddick by opening subcommittee hearings on the FTC; he urged that A.B.A. recommendations be put into effect. The President reportedly has offered the FTC chairmanship to Caspar Weinberger, who would fit the A.B.A.'s new-broom recommendation. Now California's finance director, Weinberger is a veteran lawyer and moderate Republican politician. He is also hesitant about taking the job. It would be hardly surprising if the A.B.A. report on the magnitude of the FTC's deficiencies frightened away any new head whom Nixon might want.



petitors, rather than doing legwork. The FTC has an Office of Program Review that is supposed to set priorities but, the A.B.A. report notes, its director "died almost a year ago and has not been replaced."

LACK OF ENFORCEMENT. During Paul Rand Dixon's chairmanship, the FTC has shifted away from issuing cease-and-desist orders,* which are enforceable in federal courts, against business misdeeds. Instead it relies largely on securing written, or often merely verbal promises from businessmen that they will stop practices that the agency deems de-

* Last week the National Federation of Independent Business, an association of 270,000 small businessmen, denounced the FTC for merely promulgating guidelines to regulate gas-station games rather than forbidding the games outright. The ruling, charged the federation, "is one of those decisions that the FTC seems prone to make when big oil is involved."

AVIATION

The Trouble with Jumbo

On the apron outside Boeing's plant in Everett, Wash., 15 enormous 747 jets stand high and silent, harbingers of a new era in aviation. They are painted in the colors of several international airlines: TWA, Pan Am, Lufthansa, Air France. For the moment, however, the planes are the world's largest gliders—because they have no engines. Pan Am had been scheduled to get the first three commercial giants, each with a capacity of 362 passengers, in late November. Last week embarrassed Boeing officials said that performance difficulties in the Pratt & Whitney JT9D engines

"ovalize." That, in turn, reduces the amount of thrust and raises fuel consumption by 5%. Pratt & Whitney engineers are trying to find a way of installing stiffening rods that would eliminate distortion of the casing. The Federal Aviation Administration will have to approve any engine change.

Money Needed. The giant jets face other obstacles. Few major airports are equipped to handle the massive passenger flow that the new planes will bring. Yet by the end of next year, the 747s are expected to be flying to cities across the U.S. and in Europe. Some nightmarish tangles could lie ahead. Airports will need billions of dollars in the next few years to improve and enlarge

the seventh straight month, and the scarcity and high cost of mortgage money assure that rough weather will persist. Interest rates on U.S. Treasury notes reached 8%, the highest in 110 years.

Inflation hangs on. Ford raised the list prices of its 1970 cars by 3.6%, an average of \$108 an auto. But beef is going down; wholesale beef prices are off as much as a dime a pound from their highs of last June. Official Government forecasters figure that the high pressures in the money market are finally beginning to reduce demand and, in turn, production. Economic growth, now only 2% at an annual rate, will stay below normal well into 1970. Prices, however, seem unlikely to level off until next year at the earliest. Recession probability: zero this month, but increasing in the months ahead. Winds are changeable, and the overall climate continues to be highly erratic.



BOEING 747S AWAITING ENGINES
For now, the world's largest gliders.

would delay that delivery by as much as eight weeks.

Lost Edge. Pan Am postponed indefinitely its plans for an inaugural flight to London on Dec. 15. At Boeing, officials promised that once the engine problem is solved, deliveries of the planes will be accelerated in order to catch up quickly with the original schedule. Thus Pan Am, which had hoped to have its 747s in service more than a month before competitors, will probably lose some of that advantage. The airline now does not expect to begin scheduled flights until late January. TWA, which had planned to fly passengers in its giant jets in early 1970, should be only slightly affected by the delay.

The problem is that Boeing had originally asked Pratt & Whitney to provide an engine thrust of 41,500 lbs. As the weight of the plane rose during development, however, the engineers had to revise this figure to 43,500 lbs.—all within the original production schedule. When the engine strains for that much power, its casing tends to distort or

terminal facilities alone, and nobody knows where the funds will come from. The prospect of raising the money has been made even more difficult by congressional proposals to limit the tax-free status of municipal bonds.

Last week the transportation committee of the Wayne County board of supervisors recommended a ban on jumbo jets at Detroit's Metro Airport. To expand the ramp, terminal and baggage facilities, it was predicted, would cost an estimated \$6,000,000—and there is simply no money available.

THE ECONOMY

Cooler Weather

U.S. economic weather report and forecast, based on last week's statistics:

The economy remains overheated in many sectors but is becoming perceptibly cooler. Industrial production fell by a fraction of a point in August, the first drop in a year. Retail sales continue sluggish. Storms prevail in the housing market. Private housing starts declined for

CORPORATIONS

A Place in the Sun

In its 83-year history, Philadelphia-based Sun Oil Co. has had only three presidents: Founder Joseph Newton Pew, his son J. Howard Pew, and Robert G. Dunlop, who was picked for the job in 1947, when he was a 37-year-old comptroller. Last week Sun Oil again leaped a generation to pick a chief operations officer. Directors reached deep into the ranks and selected H. (for Harry) Robert Sharbaugh, 40, who up to now has been a little-known assistant to the vice president in charge of manufacturing. The company did nothing to discourage speculation that Sharbaugh is being groomed to become president No. 4.

Sharbaugh will be in charge of all exploration, manufacturing and marketing for Sun, which earned \$164 million on revenues of \$1.8 billion last year and is the 42nd biggest industrial company in the U.S. He is expected to give a youthful cast to Sun, which has a deserved reputation for financial conservatism. His big promotion is not the result of a single corporate coup, but rather, says a high-level insider, of the fact that "Sharbaugh has been good at everything he has tried." He joined the company as an 18-year-old summer employee while studying chemical engineering at Carnegie Tech, moved steadily up in manufacturing and refinery management and took a year off in 1960-61 to earn a master's degree in management at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The new operations chief will take over some of the command now held by President Dunlop, the chief executive. The move also represents a further step toward retirement by Sun's 87-year-old chairman, J. Howard Pew, who is still consulted on executive affairs. Pew will now have more time to devote to his favorite causes. They have included the John Birch Society and the United Presbyterian Church, which he once blasted for pronouncements that "frequently coincide with Communist objectives."

We just got into print.

One of the world's major manufacturers of printing equipment, Miehle-Goss-Dexter, has joined North American Rockwell. Longtime leader in its field, Miehle-Goss-Dexter builds high-speed precision presses for newspapers, magazines, commercial print shops, along with bindery and paper mill equipment. (Quite likely,

the ad you're reading now was printed on an MGD press.) Besides its products for the publishing industry, MGD brings fine credentials in other lines: presses and machinery for the folding carton industry, metal handling equipment, pneumatic systems, motor and electronic controls. As a manufacturer of sophisticated hardware,

this new subsidiary of North American Rockwell will share in the technology transfer within our company. Our 19 businesses, making over 100 product lines, have a strong commonality. In related technology. In past successes. In growth potential. Our newest subsidiary fits the future we've designed for ourselves.



North American Rockwell

OUR 160TH ANNIVERSARY SCOTCH YOU POUR IT FROM A STATUE



THE EPIC SERIES
Your choice of:
The Discus Thrower,
The Gladiator,
The Charioteers,
Mercury,
(Each figure stands
out in three-
dimensional glory.)



We set aside a choice Scotch to celebrate the 160th birthday of George Ballantine, and commissioned a sculptor to create a series of bottles you will want to keep. Each features an heroic figure sculptured in deep relief against a velvet-textured background.

Like all heroes, they are one of a kind. We literally threw away the mold when we made them.

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BALLANTINE'S SCOTCH. THE EPIC SERIES

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THE MANHATTAN'S EPIC VOYAGE

HUNDREDS of men and dozens of ships have dared to challenge the forbidding Northwest Passage, only to be crushed. In 1845, Sir John Franklin and his crew were driven to cannibalism. Henry Hudson was set adrift after his crew discovered that he had been pilfering the ship's stores. When Robert McClure finally traversed the passage in 1854, he went the final 200 miles by dogsled.

Aboard the mammoth oil tanker S.S. *Manhattan* last week, latter-day explorers could relive the ordeals in the comfort of the ship's library. After traveling aboard the *Manhattan* on its epic journey, TIME's Joe Rychetnik filed this story:

Scruvy may once have been the curse of the Arctic mariner; on the *Manhattan*, where three meals and fresh fruit are served daily, the only threat was to the waistline. In 1819, the ice-trapped crew of the *Hecla* passed the Arctic nights by performing Garrick's *Miss in Her Teens*; on the *Manhattan*, the glacial boredom was punctuated by a movie every other day.

The Humble Oil & Refining Co., which had launched the \$40 million venture, seemed determined not only to prove that the Northwest Passage could be tamed, but also that it could be tamed in style. Even as the 1,005-ft. ship rammed through 40-ft. polar packs, it moved smoothly. In their specially fitted cabins above the waterline, newsmen and other visitors barely heard the deep throb of the *Manhattan*'s huge 43,000-h.p. engines.

Soviet Snooper. While their guests enjoyed pleasure-cruise comforts, Captain Roger A. Steward and his crew faced an uncharted sea. At times, their ship sliced easily through the ice, throwing up chunks the size of a bus. But often the *Manhattan*, which purposely plowed into massive ice floes to test its reinforced steel hull and battering bow, had to call for help from its Canadian icebreaker escort.

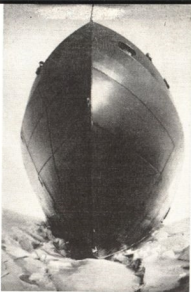
As the *Manhattan* and its escort cut gingerly from Resolute into the Barrow

Strait, radar operators spotted a blip on their screens. The interloper, probably a rubbernecking Soviet submarine, remained faithful through the passage. Beyond the strait, the *Manhattan* faced the most dangerous leg of the journey—Viscount Melville Sound and, finally, ice-choked McClure Strait. An elaborate scouting system went into action. A Canadian DC-4 survey plane, with a special ice-scanning dome, surveyed the 1,100-mile passage. Photographs were taken of the route just ahead and dropped to the *Manhattan* for study. Two helicopters, based on the ship's fantail, flew ahead of the convoy, occasionally landing on the ice so that University of Alaska specialists could take core samples.

Nibbling on Ice. At Cape Providence, the *Manhattan* slowed to wait for its U.S. Coast Guard escort, the *Northwind*, which was hobbling on five of its six engines. Within seconds, the tanker was surrounded by ice hummocks blown into its wake by high winds. Captain Steward reversed the engines, then charged the Arctic ice, which, because of its age, had lost its salt content and become rock-hard. When the 10- to 15-ft.-thick ice would not give after twelve hours, the stubby Canadian icebreaker *John A. Macdonald* was called to the rescue.

Like the *Manhattan*, the *Macdonald* has a rolling system that shifts the vessel's balance from side to side, freeing it from imprisoning ice. The Canadian ship can also do a heel-and-toe roll, which the tanker—three times its size—cannot. This was the *Macdonald*'s twelfth excursion into the Arctic, and it has never been stuck. Each time ice closed in around the *Manhattan*, the *Macdonald* cleared a channel beside the tanker, leaving the *Manhattan* room to maneuver into the clear.

Once free, the *Manhattan* set off to make history by attempting to plow through McClure Strait, the unpenetrated gateway to the relatively open water of the Beaufort Sea. The ship churned through 120 miles of ice be-



TANKER'S ICEBREAKER BOW

The only threat was to the waistline.

fore encountering a series of polar ridges and a field of thickly compressed ice. Again the call went out to the *Macdonald*: "Would you please come along our flanks and nibble some ice?"

Fear of Consequences. The captain finally decided to abandon the McClure challenge, and the ships turned around and headed for the less hazardous Prince of Wales Strait. As the *Manhattan* cleared the last patch of ice, the crew and guests poured champagne to celebrate. From there, it was only 500 miles of open water to the oilfields at Prudhoe Bay, Alaska.

Even as the tanker was completing the final lap, the enormity of its success was overshadowed by fear of the consequences. In Canada's Parliament, legislators brought pressure on the government to declare the Northwest Passage Canadian territorial waters. Conservationists, too, were apprehensive. They warned that, because of the low annual temperatures, an oil spill in the passage would take decades, perhaps centuries, to dissipate. As for the oilmen at Humble, they were not willing to commit themselves beyond the *Manhattan*'s return trip and another voyage next spring.

PLOWING A PASSAGE THROUGH VISCOUNT MELVILLE SOUND



JOE RYCHETNIK

WHAT UNIONS ARE—AND ARE NOT—DOING FOR BLACKS

Organized labor and the black community are on a collision course.

—Herbert Hill, national labor director, N.A.A.C.P.

They have a long way to go, but there is no question that they have come a long way. The militants want instant solutions for all problems. Of course, they are not going to get them.

—George Meany, president, A.F.L.-C.I.O.

THE clash between those two viewpoints kindled tensions again last week in Pittsburgh, where 3,000 demonstrators paraded through downtown streets to demand more construction jobs for Negroes. "Freedom! Freedom!" chanted the marchers, as they raised clenched fists, waved black flags and circled building projects manned by unions whose memberships are almost exclusively white. More than 1,000 white demonstrators—clergymen, suburban housewives, students and even a few businessmen—marched along with ghetto militants.

The leaders of a coalition of black organizations are pressing for a guarantee of 2,500 journeymen's jobs in the Pittsburgh building trades over the next two years. After last week's march, the second in a month, contractors and unions offered 200 jobs but demanded a survey of the black community to see who wanted them. Incensed at such tactics, black leaders broke off negotiations. U.S. Labor Secretary George Shultz, responding to an appeal from Mayor Joseph Barr "to resolve the explosive situation," rushed a three-man mediating team to the tense city.

The Pittsburgh protests and similar outbursts in Chicago reflect the increasing determination of embittered blacks to force organized labor to drop its color lines. Negroes have picked the nation's 17 construction unions as the prime target because most of them still practice flagrant racial discrimination. The protesters' ultimate aim is to rouse enough public and political pressure to compel all unions to give blacks equal access to skilled, well-paid jobs. In Buffalo and Chicago, the N.A.A.C.P. this month filed the first of a threatened series of federal lawsuits to block publicly financed construction until unions, contractors and the Government comply with equal-opportunity laws. Until that happens, warns N.A.A.C.P. Labor Director Hill, "there will be more Pittsburghs."

More than Bigotry. The vast majority of unionized Negroes belong to industrial unions, notably the auto workers, steel

workers and garment workers, in which they mainly hold jobs of low pay and skill. The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union has managed to negotiate big pay raises for cutters and pressers, who are mostly white, while settling for minuscule increases for many of its 150,000 nonwhite members. In construction, Negroes make up about 35% of the laborers' union. Black membership is also high in the so-called "mud trades"—bricklaying, plastering, hod carrying—that white workers increasingly shun. There are few Negro electricians, sheet-metal workers, glaziers, plumbers or pipe fitters. Particularly in the South, there are still several hundred segregated all-Negro locals—in the machinists, carmen, railway clerks, paper mill workers and other unions.

Labor promises reform, but so far has delivered only tokenism. As long ago as 1962, the heads of 119 A.F.L.-C.I.O. unions signed an anti-bias pledge at the White House. Yet today, Negroes account for only 1½% of the 15,000 members of building unions in Boston. In Chicago, there are three "minority" journeymen among 900 boilermakers, two among 625 elevator constructors, and only one among 400 glaziers. Industrial unions sometimes have

separate lines of promotion and seniority based on race. Nepotism, though on the wane today, has long been the principal way to gain admission to scores of union locals. Notably in craft unions, organized labor does not discriminate just against Negroes; it discriminates against almost everybody by trying to keep the labor pool lower than the number of available jobs.

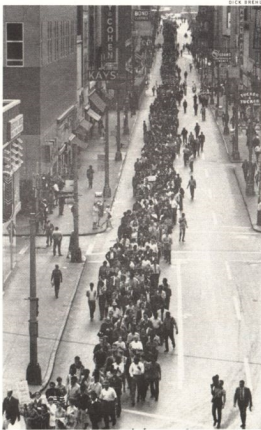
Despite federal court rulings that race must not be a consideration in promotions, assignments or seniority, the United Papermakers angrily threatened to strike Crown Zellerbach's plant at Bogalusa, La., after the company agreed to end discrimination. After a lengthy legal battle, five New Jersey locals of the International Association of Bridge, Structural and Ornamental Iron Workers agreed for the first time in 1966 to admit Negroes into apprenticeship training. Today, only a handful of blacks have broken into the locals.

Labor's most successful device for excluding Negroes is rigid control of apprenticeship training. Applicants often required to pass aptitude tests that include wholly irrelevant questions. Plumbing apprentices, for example, get problems in algebra and trigonometry. On top of that, most apprentices must start work at half of a journeyman's

pay and stay in training for three to five years, a period that many experts consider at least twice as long as necessary. Union officials contend that the system is vital to maintain standards of workmanship. "The apprenticeship program is so rigged that it would take a college-level black to get in," says Assistant Labor Secretary Arthur Fletcher. "Why should a Negro who can be a college-trained engineer want to be a plumber?"

Status and Security. A few unions deserve high marks for fighting racism. The United Auto Workers and the United Packinghouse Workers have revoked the charters of some locals rather than compromise on discrimination. Top officers of the Transport Workers and the American Federation of Teachers have repeatedly pressed their locals to end bias. Many other union leaders insist that they must move slowly or be voted out of office by white members who consider the Negro's rise a threat to their own status and security. Disputing that belief, U.A.W. President Walter Reuther argues that on-the-job friction between white and Negro workers reflects poor leadership. "Where there is a moral commitment and initiative by labor leaders," says Reuther, "there will be no trouble with the rank and file."

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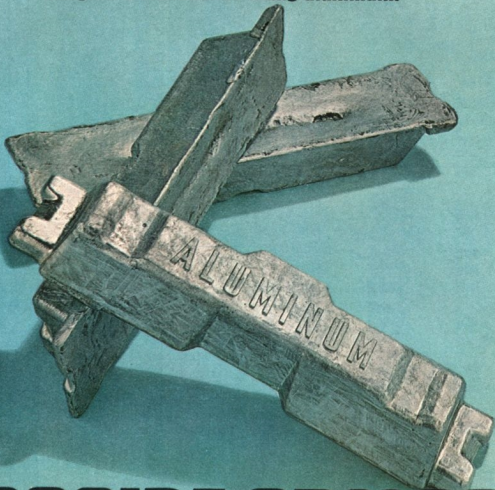
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U.A.W. leadership, Detroit automakers have hired thousands of Negroes during the past two years. Many were among the 60,000 hard-core unemployed who have gone to work in auto plants. On the other hand, despite mounting shortages of skilled construction workers, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. building unions admitted only 5,168 Negro apprentices last year, 3.9% of all new apprentices.

Avoiding Muscle. The Nixon Administration earlier this year began requiring contractors in Philadelphia to present detailed plans for hiring Negroes in order to qualify to bid on federal construction projects. George Meany and many contractors argue that the "Philadelphia Plan" amounts to a racial-quota system barred by the 1964 Civil Rights Act. In response to an inquiry from Arkansas Senator John McClellan, U.S. Comptroller General Elmer Staats recently held that the plan is illegal. The Labor Department, backed by a contrary opinion from Attorney General John Mitchell, is pushing ahead anyway. It expects to extend the plan to federal projects in Chicago, Boston, Pittsburgh and other cities.

For all that, the Government has so far failed to flex its muscle to prevent unions from practicing racism. Beyond question, labor's power to deliver votes has played a part in such inaction. In return for promises not to discriminate, President Neil Haggerty of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. construction trades union received what he considers "personal commitments" from Presidents Kennedy and Johnson to let unions remain the sole judge of "the quality of our membership." President Nixon has made no such promise. Still, the Administration has yet to use its power under the 1964 civil rights law to seek injunctions against obvious patterns of discrimination. Last week the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* condemned Attorney General Mitchell for avoiding such litigation. The paper editorialized: "How can we lecture people to respect the law when the highest enforcers of the law seem indifferent to enforcing it themselves?"

Federal pressure could go a long way toward forcing recalcitrant unions to accept minorities. One helpful step would be abolition of construction-union hiring halls, if not by agreement with employers then by legislative fiat. Through various covert devices of favoritism in the hiring halls, many local officials prevent Negroes and other outsiders from getting a fair share of work. Unions should be compelled to give up exclusive control over apprenticeship programs and standards, although it may be arguable whether industry or Government should take over. It is hardly an accident that in most industries where companies control hiring, training and promotion, the Negro gets a far better break than when such matters are left in labor's hands. Unions could have been a powerful force in helping to elevate the American Negro. Where labor has failed, the Government sooner or later seems almost certain to move into the gap.

CREDIT

College on the Cuff

Any skeptics who still doubt that the cashless society is only a credit card away should have visited Ohio State University last week. There, with all the aplomb of executives signing for an expense-account lunch, student after student stepped up to the bursar's desk during registration, pulled out a shiny BankAmericard and announced: "I'd like to charge it on my credit card, please."

College-by-credit-card is backed by Columbus' City National Bank, which in 1966 became the first bank in the state to offer a major credit card. So far, 150 students have signed on the line, and the bankers expect that more than 4,000 will be using cards to pay for tuition or room and board at Ohio State before the year is out. The idea



COED CHARGING TUITION AT OHIO STATE
Or even a can of worms.

is likely to spread. It has already taken hold in California, where students at Stanford, San Jose State and throughout the University of California extension system have charged their education on the BankAmericard.

The idea is popular with parents, who find that inflation has made extra cash scarce. Charging on the card often amounts to an interest-free loan for several months. Reason: banks take time in processing the bills, and payment is not due until 25 days after the billing date. Even then, payments can be spaced out, though interest charges amount to as much as 18% a year. Such steep charges can make the cards quite profitable for banks.

In their competition for new customers, officials of banks and independent credit-card companies have concocted many new ideas that go far beyond the campus. Credit cards can now be used to rent a wedding hall in Reno or to buy an hour on a psychiatrist's couch, a can of fishing worms in San Francisco, or a tour of Washington.

REAL ESTATE

Williamsburg's New Flavor

When John D. Rockefeller Jr. visited Williamsburg, Va., in 1926, it had all the charm of an unkempt graveyard. Block after block of ramshackle, weather-leached houses seemed to lean into each other for support. Rockefeller threw his formidable support into founding and nurturing Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., a richly endowed corporation that transformed the city's old section into a tourist attraction by painstakingly restoring its splendor as Virginia's former capital. Ever since, Colonial Williamsburg has been successfully transforming history into a lively happening.

Last week in Williamsburg, Arkansas' Governor Winthrop Rockefeller, who also serves as chairman of the corporation's board of trustees, announced a

plan that could have as much impact on the area as anything his father ever instigated. Taking time out from the Southern Governors' Conference, Rockefeller reported that he had made a deal with Beer August A. Busch Jr. to build the largest single private industrial development in Virginia's history. Just outside Williamsburg, the Anheuser-Busch Co., producer of Budweiser and Michelob, will put up a brewery, as well as an industrial park, a housing development, a golf course, a marina on the James River and a "Busch Garden," where wildlife will roam in natural settings.

The project, which will cost \$40 million initially, had an unusual beginning.

At first, Gussie Busch planned to build a brewery at Newport News, ten miles away from Williamsburg. He sought out his old friend Win Rockefeller and assured him that the brewery would in no way dilute Williamsburg's colonial flavor. Rockefeller agreed, and said that he would not mind a bit if the plant were even closer—say, on a 2,500-acre tract that the corporation owned within musket shot of the restored city. Soon after, Busch discovered that the soil at Newport News would not support a brewery, and he took Rockefeller up on his offer.

The new site, for which Busch paid the restoration corporation \$3,500,000, is in James City County, the nation's oldest. Mounting educational costs have led the county to the edge of bankruptcy. The Busch project could double the county's \$80 million tax base in a few years. The development is also likely to attract more tourists to Williamsburg. Perhaps some will emulate Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson and George Washington, all of whom were known to hoist a few brews in those very environs almost 200 years ago.

CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Double Vision

"I got vision," brags Butch Cassidy, "and the rest of the world wears bifocals." Unfortunately, the rest of the world includes the makers of *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. Every character, every scene, is marred by the film's double view, which oscillates between sympathy and farce.

The sympathy is understandable. Cassidy and the Kid were two gen-u-wine outlaws whose future narrowed along with the Frontier. By 1900, the West was getting settled, the banks and trains were well guarded, and there was no place to go but down—to South America. In the newly rich country of Bolivia, they attempted to recapture the past by becoming badmen again.

But the time of the pistol-packing renegade had run out—worldwide. In 1909, they met their appropriately gory end, undone by two new enemies, the *federals* and the 20th century. As Butch and the Kid, respectively, Paul Newman and Robert Redford are afflicted with cinematic schizophrenia. One moment they are sinewy, battered remnants of a discarded tradition. The next they are low comedians whose chaffing relationship—and dialogue—could have been lifted from a Batman and Robin episode.

But the cast is merely reflecting the film's deeply split personality. Scriptwriter-Novelist William Goldman (*Boys and Girls Together*) purportedly spent six years researching his subjects, yet he provides them with neither background nor a sense of their own transitional time. Director George Roy Hill



FUN COUPLES IN "BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE"
Satire from the swimming-pool Swifts.

abruptly annihilates the nostalgia with a scat-singing sound track by Burt Bacharach at his most cacophonous. Coupled with a mod love song, *Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head*—wedged in while Newman does stunts on a bicycle—the score makes the film as absurd and anachronistic as the celebrated Smothers Brothers cowboy who played the kerosene-powered guitar.

FESTIVALS

Distributors' Showcase

The New York Film Festival shows signs of becoming a kind of Pre-Vue Theater. There are no winners or losers, since no prizes are given. Over half of the 23 films presented this year at Lincoln Center will show up in regular theaters soon (in some cases only days) after their festival screening. Begun seven years ago as a showcase for the choice of the European festivals, New York's staid and sometimes pompous affair has thus each year become more and more a distributors' proving ground. Oddly enough, the attitude of the festival's sponsors doesn't seem to affect the quality of the films. A few are first-rate; many more are mannered mediocrities indicative of modish trends (fragmentation of narrative, alienation effects), rather than genuine worth. A few notable early entries:

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice is a sniggering Hollywood send-up of infidelity, wife-swapping and other variations on the theme of modern marriage. For Writers Paul Mazursky (who also directed) and Larry Tucker (who produced), satire is more often a matter of condescension than wit. These swimming-pool Swifts smugly mock a situation that they simultaneously exploit. Bob (Robert Culp) is a documentary-film maker who, after telling his wife Carol (Natalie Wood) that he has had a casual affair with another woman, listens with surprised gratification as she begs, "Let me hear about it again. I feel closer to you than I ever have in my whole life." Their two best friends, Ted (Elliott Gould) and Alice (Dyan Cannon), after being let in on the news, are initially puzzled, then at-

tracted by this easy permissiveness until, at film's end, the two couples wind up in bed together at a Las Vegas hotel. There they seem to come to their middle-class senses in a denouement that is the biggest cop-out since Sidney Poitier appeared as the world's whitest black man in *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*. Mazursky's direction is impersonal and, at best, functional; his idea of good cinematography is getting everyone in focus and lighting the scene as if it were being shot inside a toaster. A few episodes (a session with a preoccupied psychiatrist, or an attempted seduction after a late-night party) do arouse tremors of mirth. There is some valid spoofing of people who try to live by the elusive non-standards of "situation ethics" (whether or not they have heard of the term) and who only end up in situation comedy. They cannot really tell an orgy from a "sensitivity" session—and neither, unfortunately, can the film's authors, who ought to go see the skit about wholesome swingers in that *succès de scandale* Off-Broadway, *Oh! Calcutta!* The dialogue remains flaccid throughout, badly in need of the kind of cutting edge that Billy Wilder could have given it. What Mazursky and Tucker obviously had in mind was a sophisticated, controversial comedy, but their work suggests that sex is too important to be left to Hollywood. Why *B&C&T&A* was chosen to open a presumably serious film festival on the gala first night is a mystery understood only by the program committee.

It is as if Ingmar Bergman awoke from a tortured sleep, seized a camera and began to film what he had just been dreaming. Reality is distorted and logic becomes madness in *The Ritual*, Bergman's most nightmarish fantasy since *The Silence*. In the claustrophobic office of some anonymous bureaucrat, three actors (Ingrid Thulin, Anders Ek and Gunnar Björnstrand) perform a bizarre masque, part psychodrama, part sexual charade. They are like the mummies from *The Seventh Seal* or the circus performers from *The Naked Night* imprisoned in an allegory of doom. Inevitably the object of the



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masque is death. But the dramatic value of the ritual itself is disappointingly slight, giving the entire film an air of anticlimax. There are episodes of typical genius—one of the actors sits in a bed flipping matches from between his teeth until he finally incinerates himself—but Bergman has not quite managed to correlate fantasy and personal drama. Shot originally as a television play, *The Ritual* contents itself with suggesting a kind of scenario for what will perhaps become a more fully realized Bergman fantasy.

If Susan Sontag's prose style is laborious, her film making is absolutely numbing. *Duet for Cannibals*, which looks alternately like a third-rate Monogram thriller and a dirty soap opera, has something to do with a young man who gets a job as secretary to a paranoid politician. "He's full of fantasies of persecution and disaster," the lad confides to his mistress, who eventually winds up in bed between the boss and his crazy wife. At film's end, characters die and are reborn again with a facility that suggests that Director Sontag is not without a sense of humor, an absolute prerequisite for anyone who is determined to sit through this movie. As befits the author of a book entitled *Against Interpretation*, Miss Sontag's first film lends itself to a variety of esoteric explications, all of them probably invalid. Since she is a member of the program committee, perhaps she will stay around after the show and explain it all.

"He expresses himself cinematically, as a poet does with a pen," said Jean Cocteau of Robert Bresson. "There is a huge barrier between his greatness, his silence, his commitment and his dreams, and the world in which they are mistaken for stumbling and obsession." *Une Femme Douce*, Bresson's newest film, may go some small way toward raz-ing the barrier. Adapted from a Dostoevski novella about the suicide of a young bride, *Une Femme Douce* finds Bresson dealing once again with the corruption of innocence, a theme that has dominated his work from *Diary of a Country Priest* to last year's *Mouchette*. For the first time, however, his central character is something more than a passive, symbolic victim. Her suicide is portrayed as a positive act of defiance, not desperation. Bresson's customary stylistic austerity seems softened by his first use of color film, but what François Truffaut called his "theoretical, mathematical, musical and above all ascetic" approach to the cinema may still seem much too calculated for most viewers. Objects for Bresson are as important as his characters, and he lingers on prolonged shots of doors, stairways and display cases. Still, *Une Femme Douce* will probably prove to be his most accessible film. It is also the best the festival has offered so far.

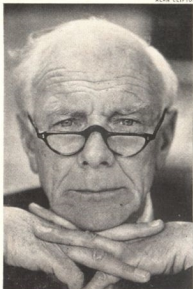
BOOKS

Man Bites God

JESUS REDISCOVERED by Malcolm Muggeridge. 217 pages. Doubleday. \$5.95.

It must be 40 years or more since Malcolm Muggeridge, veteran journalist and television ogre, learned the first rule of his trade. All stories must answer the questions: "Who? What? When? Where?" God, who by his very nature is indefinable and omnipresent (he either has done everything or nothing), is

ALAN CLIFTON



MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Washed in the blood of the lamb.

obviously an impossible subject for such questions. Yet Muggeridge's new book—a compilation of interviews and essays—boldly deals with the deity. Is it news when newspaperman bites God?

Improbably, *Jesus Rediscovered* is a lively work. It succeeds in defiance of what might be called Auden's Law, in which the poet, himself a religious man, insists that it is impossible to write religious poetry. Prayer is a dialogue between man and God. No third party need apply. This powerful objection applies also to religious prose. The works of St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa of Avila are there to warn against imprudent attempts to communicate about the incommunicable. Fortunately Muggeridge (now 66), a highly professional journalist with a sprightly native wit, writes better and with considerably more verve than these celebrated mystics.

He sets a brisk pace through the long series of events that eventually led to his conversion to Christianity. It was the end of the Great War that disgusted him with a godless humanity. On the night when victory was celebrated in London, Muggeridge saw "for

the first time what human beings were like when they cast aside all restraint—shouting, grimacing, flushed in their jubilation. The scene with its apocalyptic flavor," he continues, a trifle apocalyptically, "recalled to me vividly the Dante's *Inferno* among my father's books." He took to brooding on the Passion of Christ (whom he addresses somewhat embarrassingly as "You") as a tragedy "in the sense that Lear's was, or Macbeth's."

Years later in Australia, Muggeridge came to a harrowing personal perception of the "tragic-You." He was at a sheepshearing. "It quite often happened that the mechanical shears drew blood. The sight agitated me abnormally, the blood so red against the wool so soft and white. Why was the sight somehow familiar? My mind went back . . . to being washed in the blood of the lamb. That was it: the sacrificial lamb, *Agnus Dei*."

This revelation, of course, is far from satisfactory as a means of communicating Muggeridge's experience. So, most often, is the linear description of any overwhelming emotional experience, as anyone will know who has rashly attempted to describe even so much as a disturbing dream. Gallantly trying to explain "the marvel of his experience . . . fitfully glimpsed, inadequately expounded but ever present," Muggeridge vainly invokes Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, Blake and Bunyan, St. Augustine and Simone Weil. We respect but may not share his feeling that Christ himself once was with him and the BBC television crew on the road to Emmaus. His epigraph from George Herbert perhaps speaks most adequately for him: "O that Thou shouldst give dust a tongue to crie to Thee."

Gabardine Swine. Fortunately Muggeridge, however weak on God and grace, is brilliantly funny on their adversaries the world, the flesh and the devil—as befits a former editor of *Punch*. *Fiat Nox* (let there be night) he sees as the first commandment of the modern world. The result of seeking heaven on earth is hell. "Four freedoms lead to forty times more servitudes," cries Muggeridge, and Savonarola in top form and full throat from the pulpit of the Duomo cried no louder. We are gabardine swine losing life and liberty in the pursuit of happiness. The real modern religion is "utopianism," and by that ism, Muggeridge means the universal creed of the modern world. No more "fatuous" slogan was ever devised than the pursuit of happiness asserted in the Declaration of Independence. "The darkness falls to idiot cries of progress achieved, of mankind having come of age," Muggeridge writes, "with vistas of technological bliss, and LSD trips over the hills and far away."

Muggeridge's conversion grew from

religious impulses implanted in him by his father, whose religion, as it happened, was socialism—the new faith at the turn of this century of the English Disestablishment. "A sort of agnosticism sweetened by hymns," as Muggeridge puts it, adding that there is more "Methodism than Marxism" in the British Labor Party. This chapel heritage enables him to update Calvin, Knox, Cotton Mather, Praise-God Barebone, and all scourgers of the flesh since St. Paul. Anglican bishops, priests and politicians of every stripe feel his lash, as well as all persons seeking happiness by sun, the Pill, pot, sex or *Playboy*. Sacred cows of all sorts from Winston Churchill to Eleanor Roosevelt are flogged to the abattoirs. Despite some acerbity and excesses of language, Convert Muggeridge often succeeds in convincing. As he presents them, the Christian churches and their priests—especially the Anglicans "drivelling away their lives"—do not seem good enough, nor the Pope himself sufficiently papal, to minister to the spiritual needs of our bewildered world. The Muggeridge stays amusing withal; cap and bells are this prophet's hair shirt.

All in the Family

THE SOUL OF THE APE by Eugène Marais. 226 pages. Atheneum. \$5.95.

"There's an awful lot of popular interest in low-level analogies with the animal world," growled Margaret Mead the other day. Exactly so. Konrad Lorenz's speculations about aggression were the relatively cautious summation of a lifetime's research, but he threw open the window to a swarm of parasites who in the years since have all but sucked dry the modern study of animal behavior.

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Wisconsin Green Bay WBAY 1360, Wausau WXCO 1230.

living with families of apes, lions and gorillas that Africa resembles Washington after a change of Administration. Practically the only volume of the sort still unpublished is a combined gorilla cookbook and grooming and marriage manual entitled *The Way to an Ape's Heart*.

Mopping up after the invaders of animal privacy have come the generalists. They include Playwright Robert Ardrey, whose *The Territorial Imperative* was rashly naive, and Zoologist Desmond Morris, whose *The Naked Ape* was at least brashly amusing. Now publishers are packaging curiosities and precursors. Despite considerable charm and insight, *The Soul of the Ape* is one such.

Eugène Marais was an Afrikaner best remembered by his countrymen as one of their early poets, but he was also a journalist, self-taught naturalist and morphine addict. Such fame as he enjoyed outside Africa came mainly from the scandal caused when famous Belgian Writer Maurice Maeterlinck stole a lengthy excerpt of Marais's Afrikaans text, *The Soul of the White Ant*, and published it under his own name. Marais shot himself in 1936. Shortly after, his complete study of white ants, i.e., termites, and a slim, chatty book of reminiscences about baboons were published in Europe. Marais had studied baboons in the Transvaal for three years just after the Boer War, when the absence of farmers with guns made the beasts approachable. He began, but never completed, a serious text based on his scientific observations of them. Now that text has been rediscovered by his son.

Self-Educated Naturalist. Marais's reputation is likely to suffer from the publication. After 54 pages of overheated, condescending preface, Robert Ardrey bumps to a comic conclusion: "Had Marais been enabled to finish his manuscript, polish the rough parts, rethink a few conclusions, add further ideas that had come to him, then beyond all question he would have left us more than we shall find in the following pages." Too true. There is a provocative chapter on the sex life of baboons, whose customs find some resonances in human behavior. Baboons also become addicted to intoxicants, it appears, and feel let down just as evening falls. But Marais too often labors over speculations about the origins of the human unconscious in ancient animal instincts. Marais was a self-educated naturalist who had read Darwin but came to grief over the noninheritance of acquired characteristics—a turn-of-the-century incomprehension he shared with Bernard Shaw.

Anyone seeking the forerunner of modern study of animal behavior will find the thing well done in the books of Darwin himself. *The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals*, for example, is crammed with observational detail and modest supposition. Almost a third longer at a third the price, with a modest preface by Konrad Lorenz, it is now selling briskly in paperback from the University of Chicago Press.

Nightclub of the Mind

THE EGG OF THE GLAK AND OTHER STORIES by Harvey Jacobs, 276 pages. Harper & Row. \$5.95.

Who would believe that when Movie Stars Jason Briar and Monica Ploy went on their publicity-stunt retreat in an abandoned abbey on the California coast they were nearly eaten by a scaly sea monster? Gossip Columnist Harriet Troom would, but then she actually was eaten by the monster when she sought out Jason and Monica for an exclusive. And who would believe that? Nobody, but the whole satirical fantasia on the Burton-Taylor legend in

DAVID BARK



JACOBS

Not-so-ancient mariner of kitsch.

Harvey Jacobs' story *In Seclusion* is so funny that it doesn't matter.

Belief is not an issue in Jacobs' bizarre, mainly urban fairy tales. He is essentially a monologist, and his effect depends not so much on the credibility of his characters or incidents as on the incredibility of his language. He is a not-so-ancient mariner of kitsch, whose voyages seem mostly to have been out of the sovereign state of innocence via the borscht circuit. He re-enacts them repeatedly under assumed names in this, his first collection, emerging from a Jewish childhood on Manhattan's Lower East Side, mournful yet wide-eyed, trying to gain his fortune and lose his virginity without missing a single opening for a gag.

True, his timing is not always as good as it is in, say, *Reasons of Health*, where a character who is as sound and as stupid as a melon is kept in expensive quarantine in Teheran by an Iranian con man posing as a health official. Jacobs is all surface manner, often



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on the verge of lapsing into mannerism. Sentimental background music swells too resoundingly over some of his wry endings. Rarely touching the deeper implications of his themes, perhaps for fear of losing the rhythm of his routines, he often fails to provide enough serious relief to all the comedy.

Just when the reader, thinking he has had enough, starts to get up and walk out of this nightclub of the mind, Jacobs takes a breath and launches into another of his characteristic openings: "My name is Oliver August. I am friendly, a Moose. I try to believe in disarmament. I cook for a hobby. Every seven years my cells change. But each new cell sings of health and well-being. No matter how often I am replaced, I remain formidable. . . . Look into my eyes: rain puddles rich with life. My story should be told." Hypnotized by those glittering rain puddles, the reader is compelled to listen.

Why Not Everyman?

DENAZIFICATION by Constantine FitzGibbon. 222 pages. Norton. \$6.95.

Constantine FitzGibbon gets his loudest polemic laughs from dead trends and left leftovers. A translator-novelist-critic of Irish and American descent and European education, he now lives in Ireland. His novel *When the Kissing Had to Stop*, a political cautionary tale of a Russian takeover from a fellow-traveling British government, made him a bogeyman to left-leaning intellectuals. It also won him a Communist Party accolade—"fascist hyena."

In *Denazification*, FitzGibbon, who served as an intelligence officer in Europe during World War II, has dug up the corpse of the "1,000-year Reich" and considers how Kiesinger's Germany

could have risen from its grave—a Babbitt out of Buchenwald. He discusses Allied punishment of war crimes, which was limited to a handful of the worst offenders. But his main concern, as the title implies, is denazification, the broader program of combined punishment and re-education variously applied to hundreds of thousands of Germans by the occupying powers. His book raises questions of conscience which, though they can never be satisfactorily settled, will perplex society and individuals as long as men are bound in loyalty to states that may commit crimes.

Count Me Out. In 1945 there was an Allied consensus—which no longer exists—on the doctrine of collective guilt, that all Germans shared the blame not only for the war but for Nazi atrocities as well. Like the denazification program itself, FitzGibbon starts from that consensus, and with the feeling that at the time "it would not have been possible, either psychologically or politically, simply to ignore the monstrous crimes committed in the name of the Third Reich." How just or justified the Allied judgment was seems to FitzGibbon far less clear. "Theologically," he observes, "collective guilt' must be a meaningless term since there is no such thing as 'collective soul.'" He adds: "Legally, it makes more sense: accomplices are also found guilty in courts of law."

FitzGibbon accepts as sound the plebiscites that gave Hitler up to 99% *Ja*. But if all Germans were guilty, he seems to wonder, why should countless individuals be singled out for punishment? If Eichmann, why not Everyman?

Such absolutist considerations had little to do with the actual proceedings against the Nazis, both for war crimes and denazification in general. These were, as FitzGibbon notes, much tainted

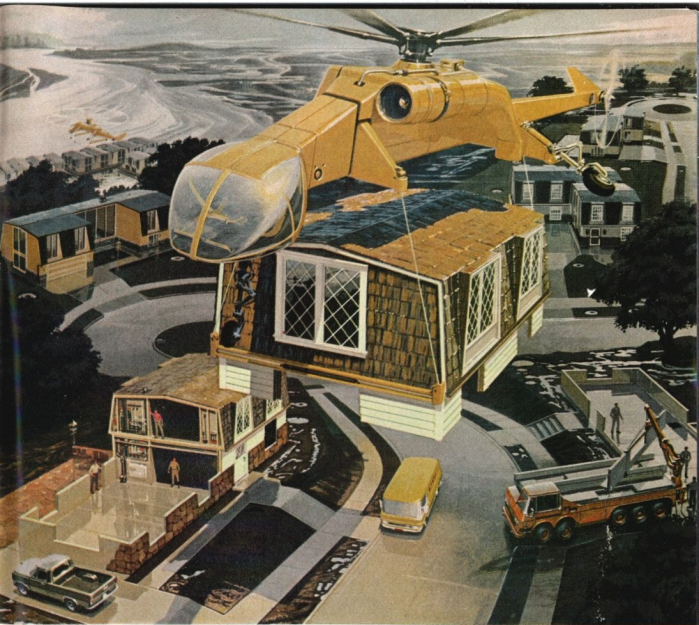
by expediency and confusion. In practical terms, too, their results have been mixed. Ironically, some of the criminals of Auschwitz got off "extremely lightly" because the rules of evidence, which the Nazis had scrapped, had been reimposed in the name of justice by the Allies. Most Nazis were soon issued their *Persilscheine* ("whitewash slips," a name derived from a brand of soap powder). Modern Germany is run by the *Persils* and former members of another swiftly exonerated group, the *Mussnazis* (Nazis by necessity). Sad to say, the minority of truly non-Hitlerite Germans have taken little part in the life of West Germany from 1945 until today. "*Ohne mich*" ("Count me out") was, and is, their slogan, and their withdrawal represents an active personal judgment on the corruption of most of their countrymen. The postwar emigration of many such Germans, says FitzGibbon, represents a permanent loss to Germany. The reproach of the count-me-outers, alas, has not kept the convicted German war criminals—including SS General Kurt ("Panzer") Meyer, found responsible for the murder of Canadian prisoners of war—from becoming heroes to extremist groups in the post-Hitlerian Reich.

Reprisals and Regicides. Has our age been harsher and more painstaking in its corrective reprisals than others that have seen fanatically fought wars and revolutions? At the level of immediate outrage and intent, yes; in ultimate results, no. Taking a long view, FitzGibbon compares the performance of the Allied occupying powers with those of the English after the Stuart Restoration, Americans after Appomattox, and the European victors of Waterloo. In each case national character and historical tradition shaped policy. In 1660 the English Crown granted general amnesty, except for the clergyman, to all but a few of the Cromwellian regicides, although republican soldiers (allowing for technological limitations) had behaved nearly as atrociously toward the Irish as Hitler's armies in non-German Europe. Neither Robert E. Lee nor any other Southern leader was charged with war crimes (although Jefferson Davis was confined in a fort for two years). After Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington, the real master of "liberated" France, was ordered to arrest Napoleonic Marshal Soult; the Duke asked him to dinner. Talleyrand, a busy Napoleonic executive, became the Bourbon King's loyal minister.

The debacle of Hitler's Reich and the Allied mopping-up operation can make for depressing reading. Unhappily, FitzGibbon's book will probably find few readers from the one group in the U.S. that could profit most from its perspectives—the more violent and mostly youthful would-be revolutionaries who fail to see that indulging in millennial fantasies of total cauterizing power is likely to be followed by immediate realities of sheer hell.



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